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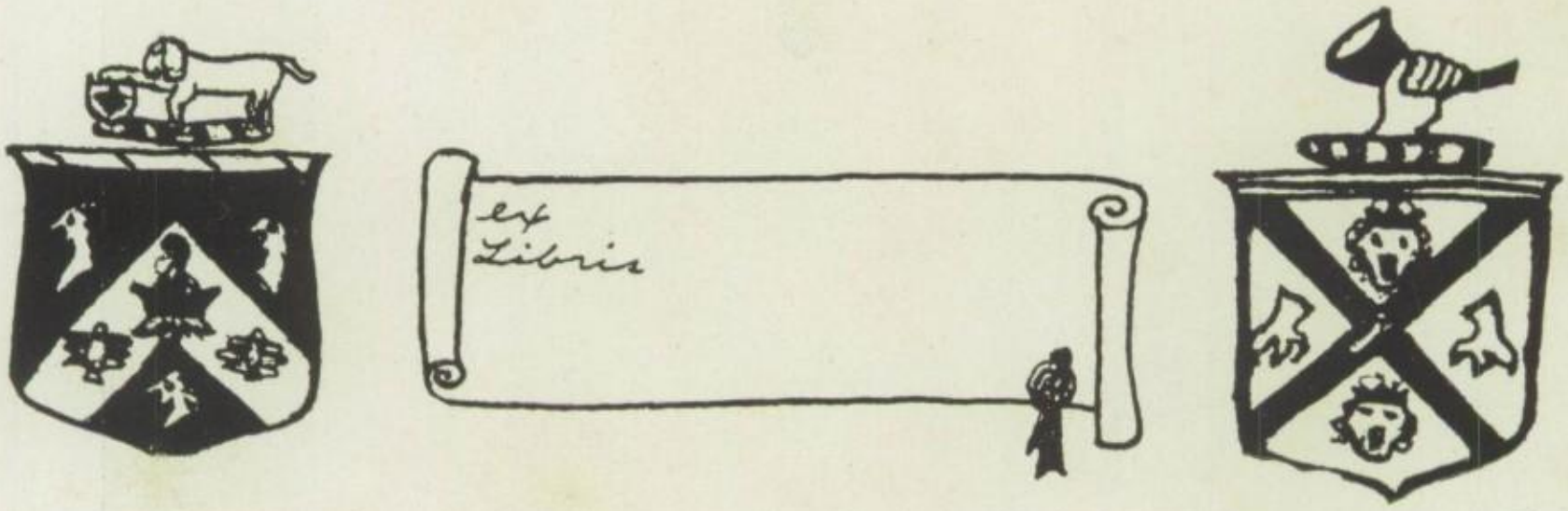
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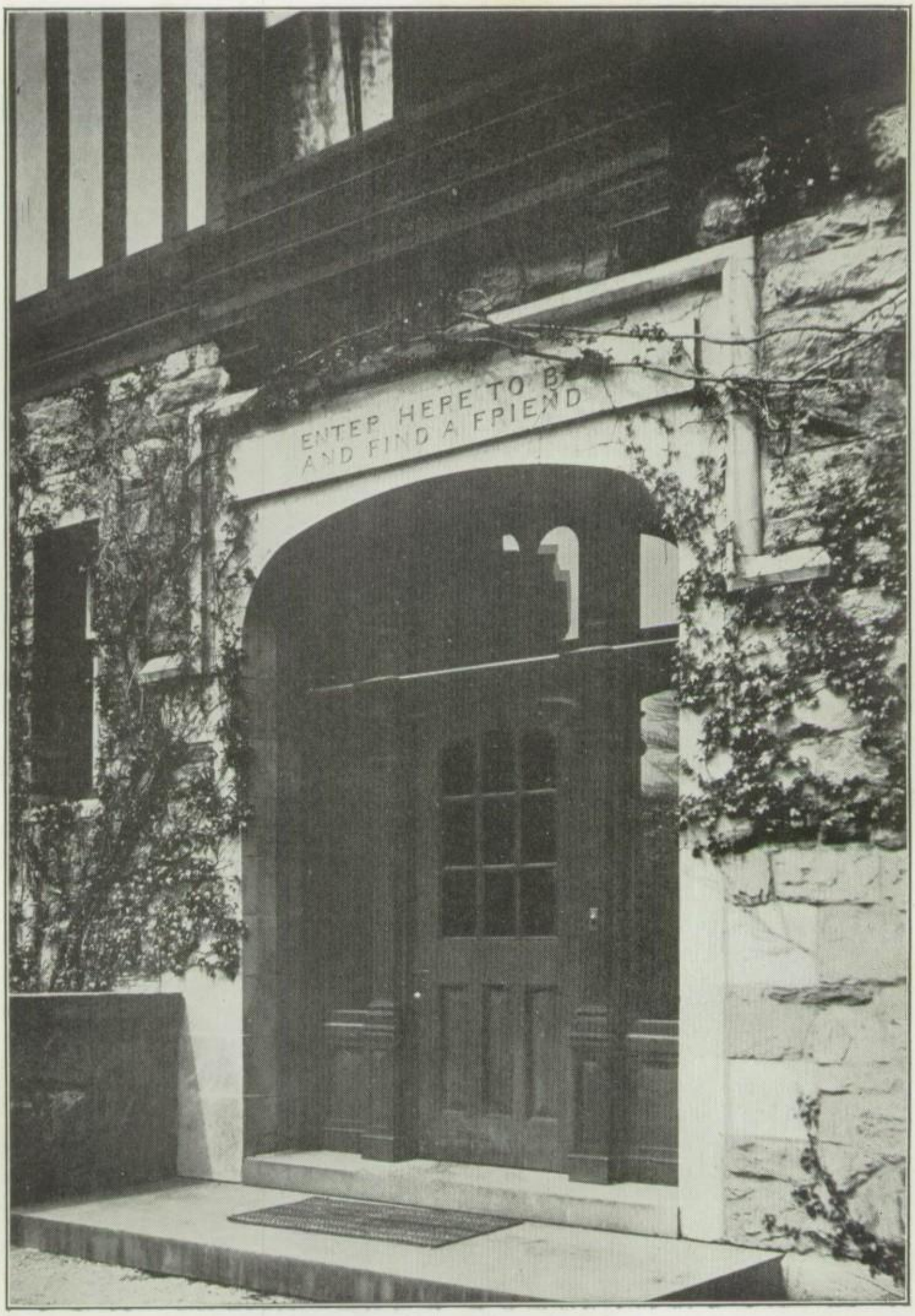

ENTEP HEPE TO B
AND FIND A FPIEND

Arch-way

(Enter Here To Be And Find A Friend)

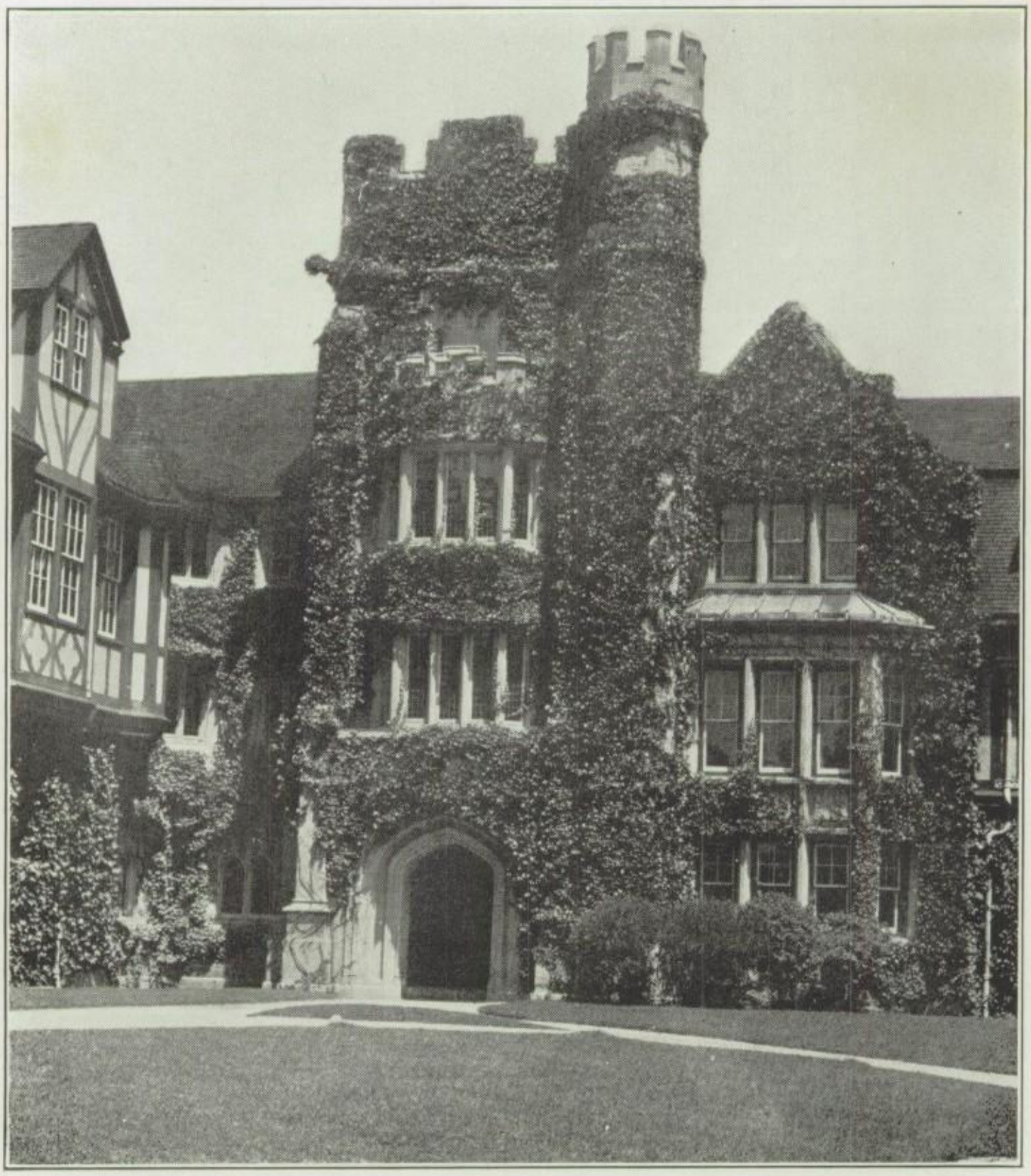
O there's a hill at Hackley
  With broad and sunny reaches
Of clover sod and lilac boughs
  And tawny copper beeches;
Smug Latin books and English
  May pave rough paths of duty,
But he can face a grimmer world
  Who dwells awhile with beauty.

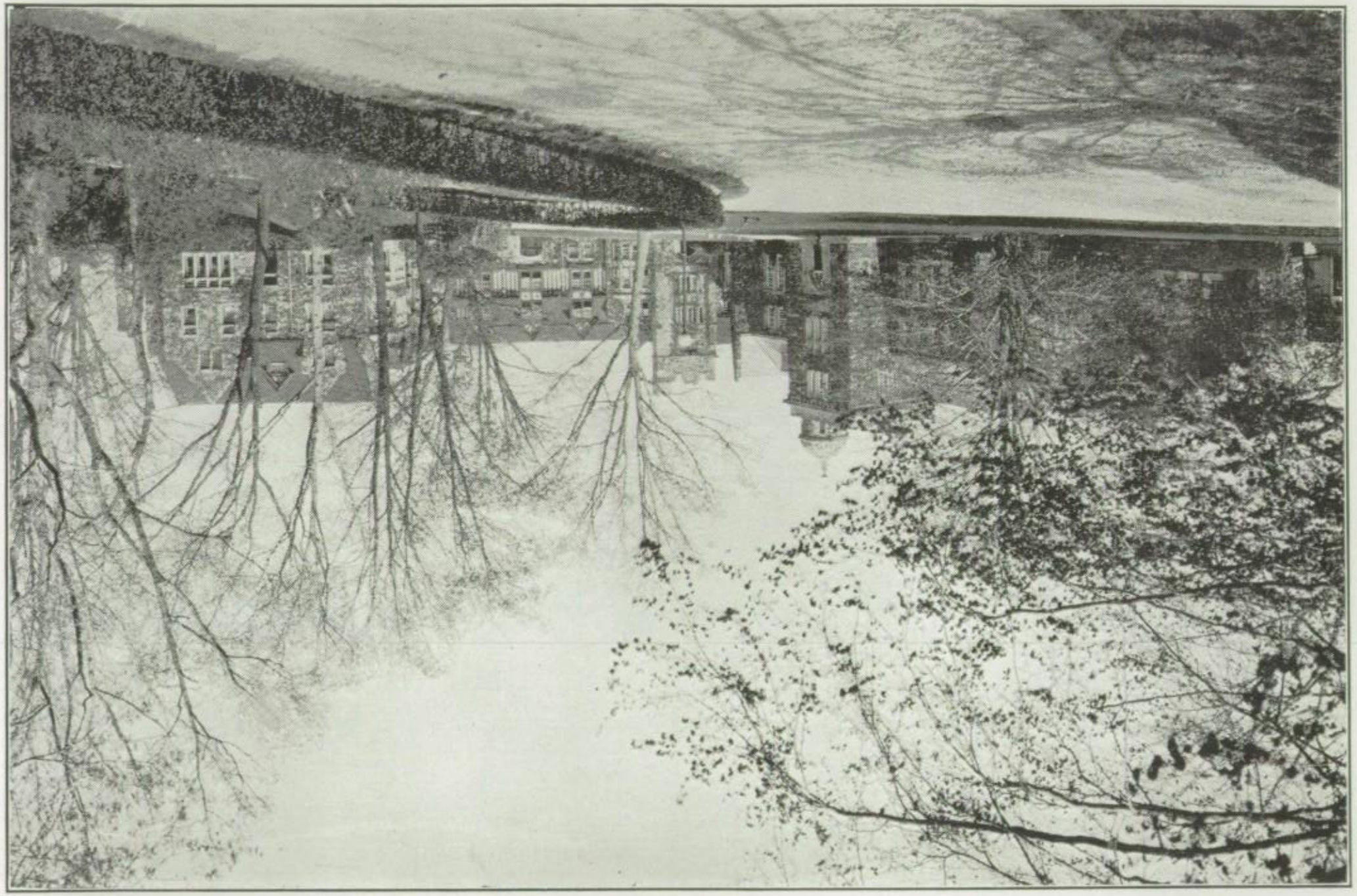
Grey towers rise at Hackley
  And sturdy Gothic walls,
Stout timber lines the ceiling,
  Trim panelled oak, the halls.
Young hearts may cringe and falter,
  The saint be trapped at length,
But he can face a grimmer world
  Who dwells awhile with strength.

But fairer than all beauty
  And sturdier than might
Is the firm clasp of hand on hand
  When champions unite.
So triple-armed for conflict,
  What'er life's latter end,
He shall go forth from Hackley
  Who rides beside a friend.

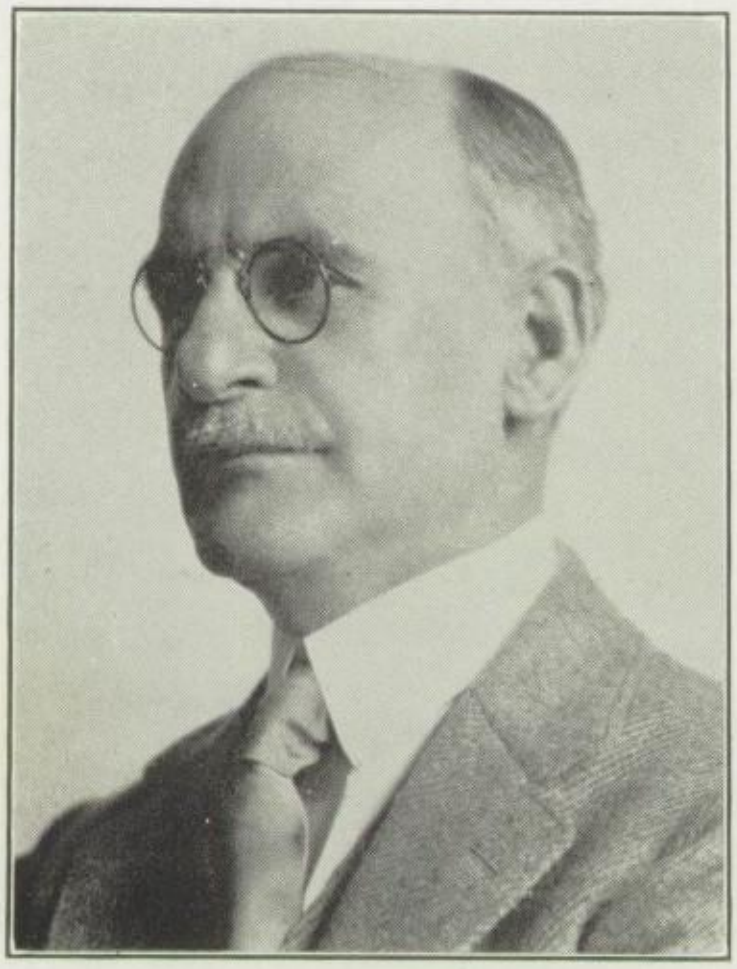
FOREWORD

We, the Class of Nineteen twenty-eight, dedicate this volume to the Student Body and the Faculty, in affectionate memory of the many cheery hours spent within these walls. Read on, and may you think kindly of this work, our final offering.





Faculty

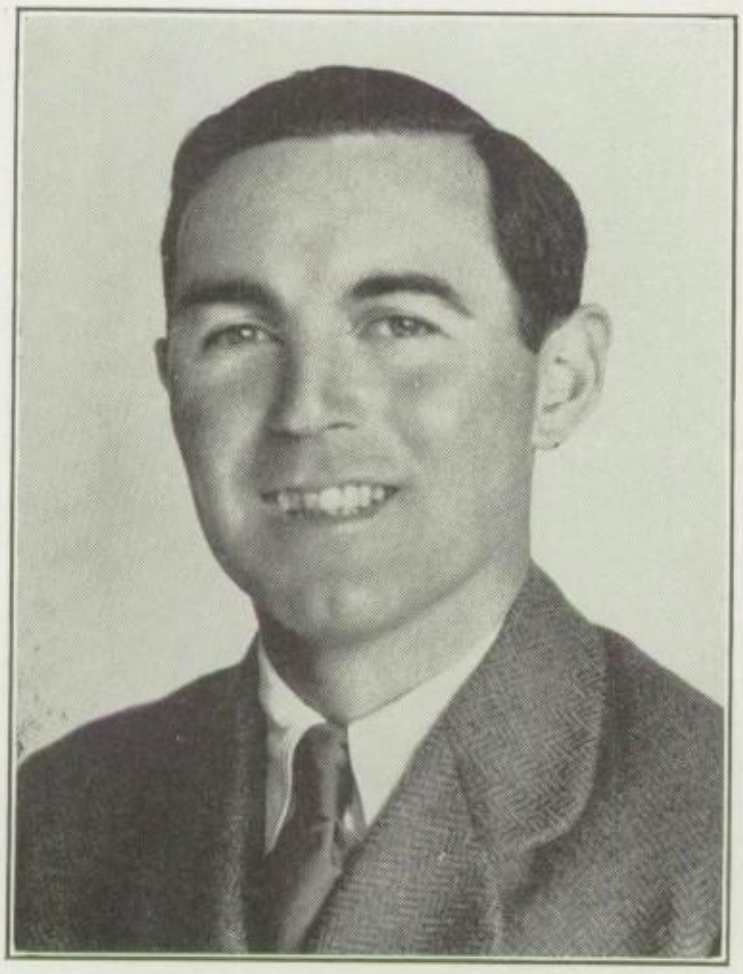


WALTER BOUTWELL GAGE—Graduated, Harvard University, 1894, A.B. Taught Classics in the Dalzell School, Worcester, Mass. Came to Hackley in the fall of 1900 and taught Latin and Greek until 1908. Made Headmaster in 1908.

HARRY MARTIN COOK—Head of Mathematics Department. Graduated, Dartmouth College, 1914, B.S. Taught Sciences in Pittsfield, N. H. Served in Navy. Came to Hackley in the fall of 1916.

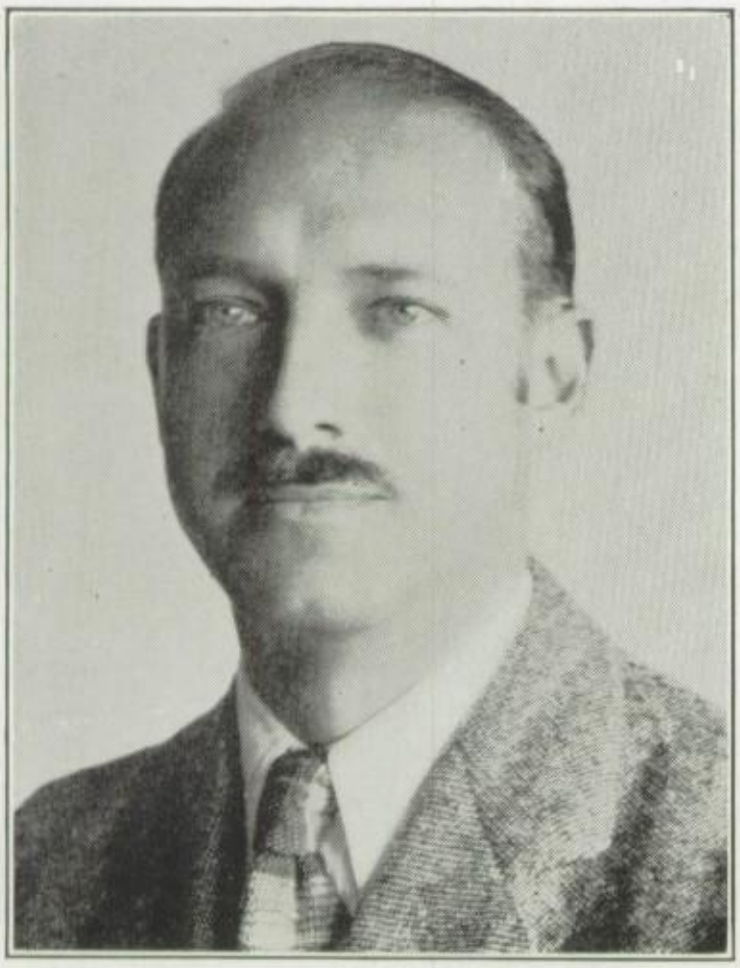
ARTHUR BARTLETT HAGUE—Director of Music. Graduated, Yale University, 1914, A.B. Studied at Yale Music School, and under Leopold Godowsky, Clarence Adler and Joseph Lehvine. Member of U. S. Ordnance Corps. Came to Hackley in the fall of 1920.

JOHN BERNARD LOFTUS—Bursar. Graduated, Clark University, 1918. Came to Hackley in the fall of 1920. For three years taught English and Mathematics; became Bursar in 1923.



THEODORE RUTLEDGE BUTLER —Director of Athletics. Graduated, University of New Hampshire, 1921, B.S. Second Lieutenant U. S. A., 1918-1919. Attended West Point. Studied at University of Illinois Coaching School. Director of Athletics at St. George's School, Newport, R. I. Kappa Sigma Fraternity. Came to Hackley in the fall of 1923.

ALLAN THOMPSON COOK— Head of English Department. Graduated, Syracuse University, 1910, A. B. Studied at University of Chicago and Columbia University. Taught at Suffield School and Evanston High School, Illinois. Head of English Department, Albany High School. Came to Hackley in the fall of 1923.



GUY MEREDITH RUSSELL—Head of History Department. Graduated, Yale University, A.B., 1910. Graduate study at Middlebury. Taught at Westminister School, Bordentown Military Academy, and Worcester Academy. Lately of the Atlantic Refining Company. Came to Hackley in the fall of 1923.

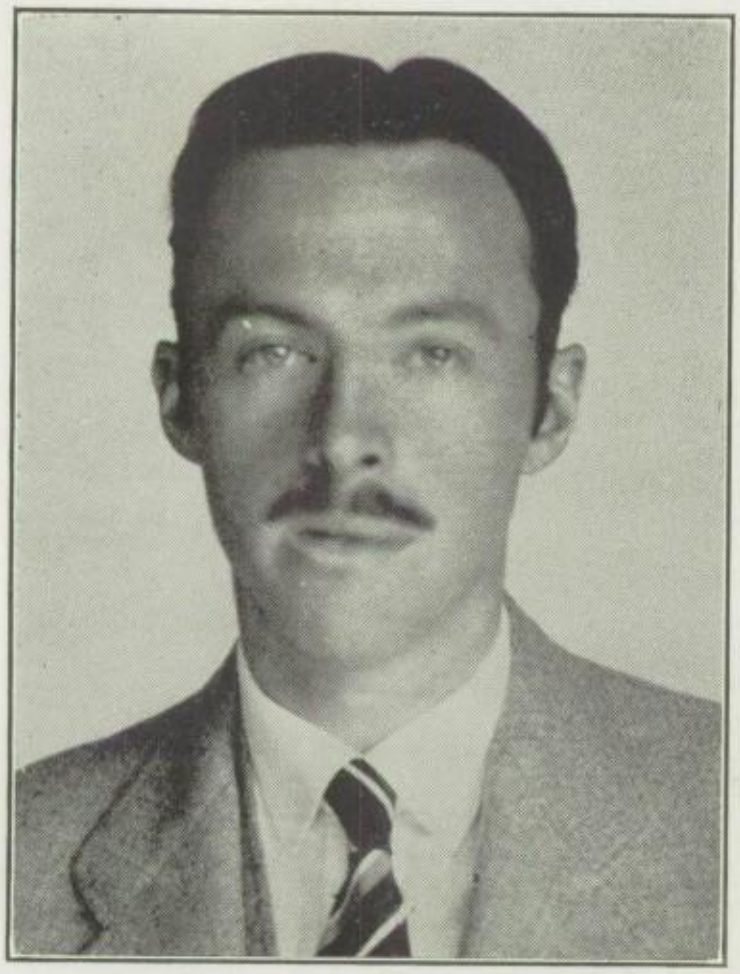
PHILIP LITTLEJOHN COFFIN—Head of Classical Department. Graduated, Princeton University, 1913, A.B.; M.A., 1914. Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity. Taught at Fessenden School, Valley Ranch School. Came to Hackley in the fall of 1924.

MARVIN CORNELIUS BUSHART —German and Latin. Graduated, Colgate University, 1921, A. B. Taught at East High School, Rochester, N. Y., and Shattuck School, Faribault, Minn. Came to Hackley in the fall of 1924.

MAURICE HAMILTON LINDSAY —Mathematics. Track Coach. Graduated, Stevens Institute of Technology, 1909, M.E. Taught at Shady Side Academy, Pittsburgh, Penna., and Asheville School, N. C. Came to Hackley in the fall of 1924.

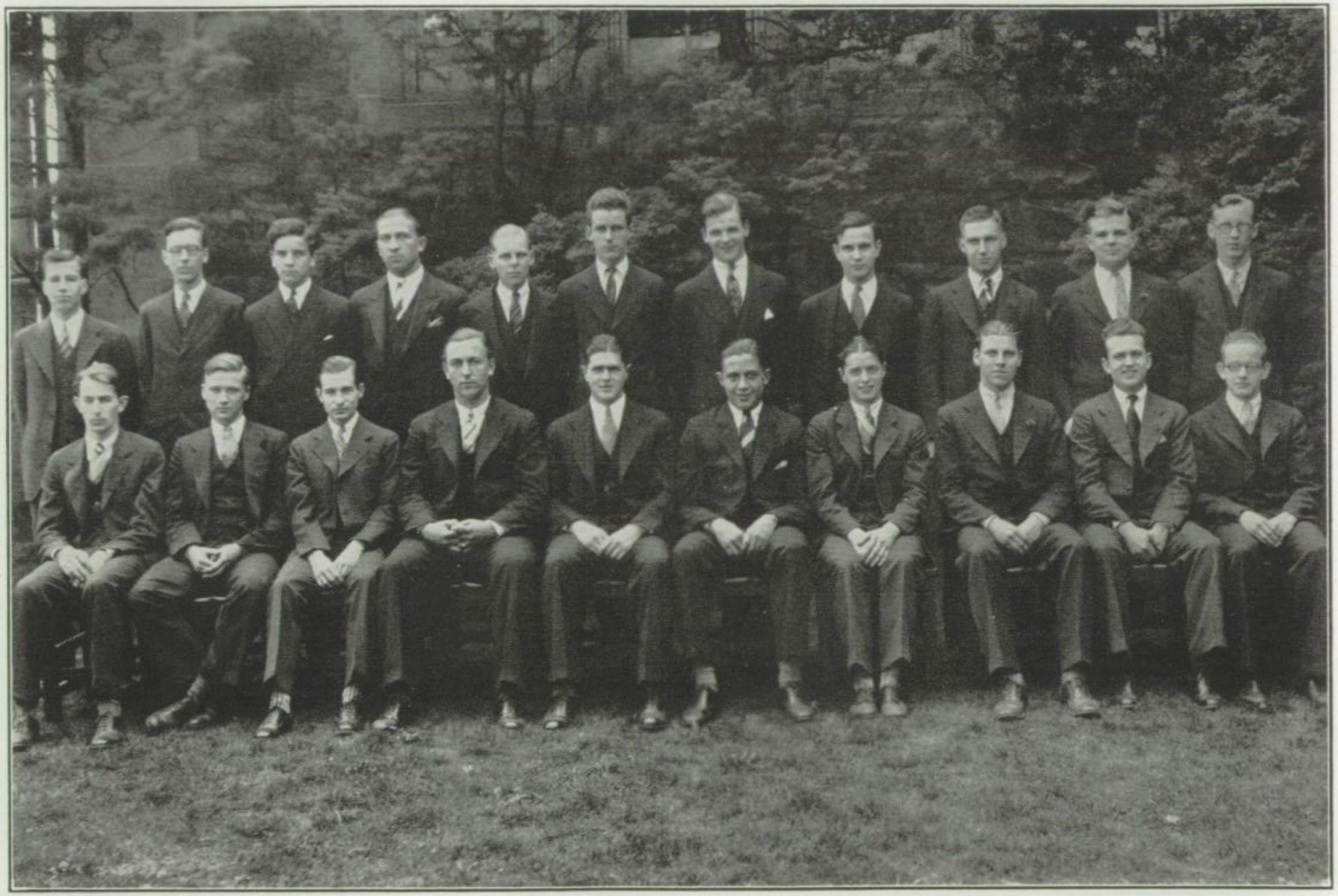
CLYDE PAGE BROCKETT—Algebra and French. Graduated, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1922, B.S. Attended University of Rochester. Later with the Eastman Kodak Company. Came to Hackley in the fall of 1925.

VERNON BROWN KELLETT—English. Graduated, Harvard University, 1918, A.B. Studied at Harvard Law School and Columbia University. Taught at St. George's School, Newport, R. I. Came to Hackley in the fall of 1926.



George Parker Howard—Head of French Department. Graduated, Harvard University, 1920, B. S. Studied at Universite de Montpellier. Taught at Morristown School, Morristown, N. J. Came to Hackley in the fall of 1926.

Coy Schaeffer Hartman—History, Latin. Graduated, Lafayette College, 1923, A.B. Kappa Phi Kappa Fraternity. Attended Columbia University. Taught at Bellefonte Academy. Came to Hackley in the fall of 1927.



Seniors

NERVIEST—BIGGEST HEART-BREAKER

WILLIAM ALLEN ANDREWS

"Bill" *"Andy"*

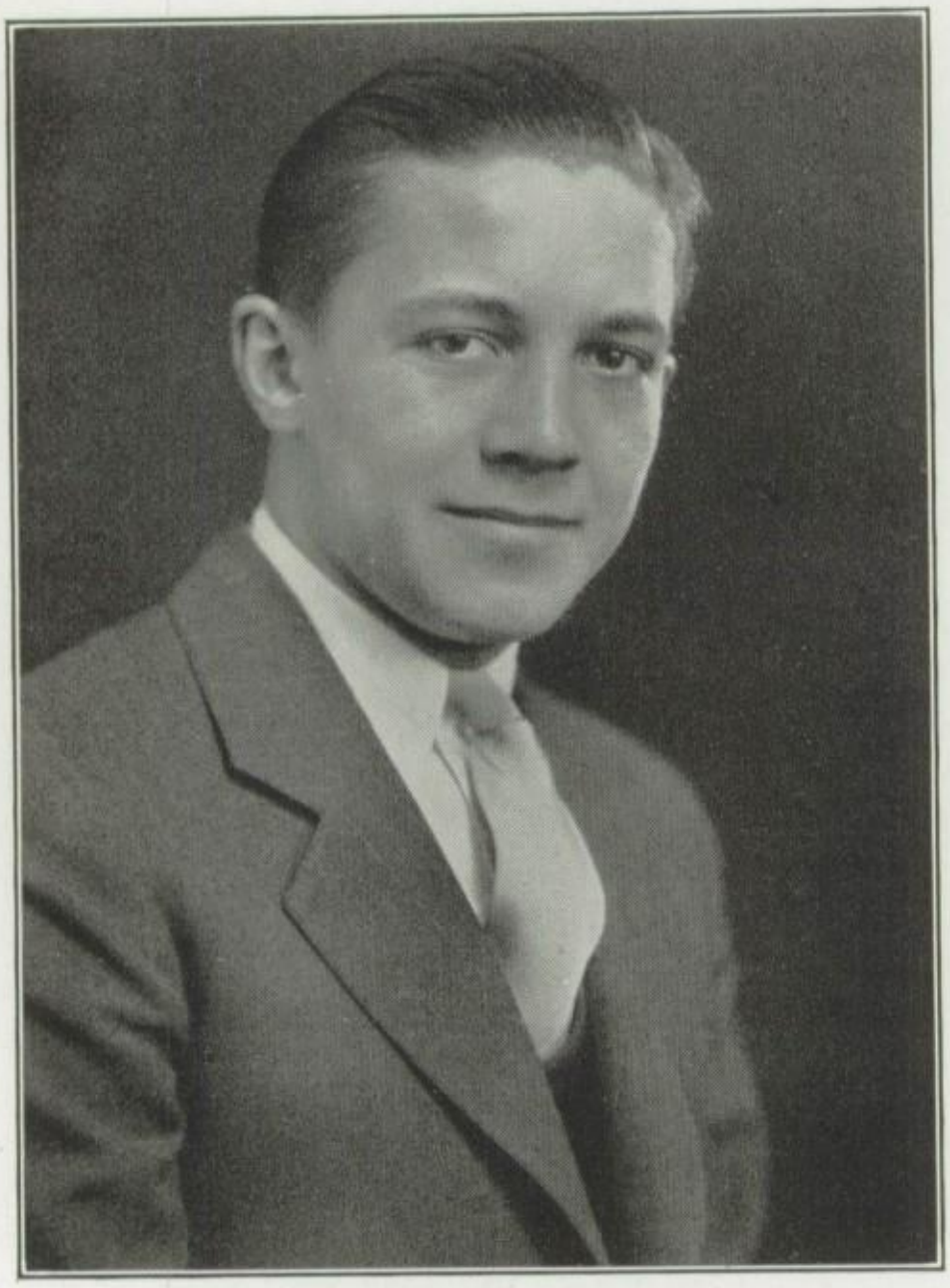
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Goodhue: Club Football, '26, Varsity, '27; Squad Soccer, '26, '27; Squad Hockey, '26, '27; Track Team, '27, '28; Choir, '26-'27, '27-'28; Dramatic Club, '27, '28; Property Man, '27-'28.

THIS, dear reader, is none other than Bill Andrews, in person. Bill hails from up Syracuse way, but in spite of this horrible handicap, he has been folded to our bosoms, and our best wishes go with him in his voluntary exile at—you guessed it—Syracuse. Fortunately for the peace of mind of certain members of the faculty, the exterior of this little fellow is nothing if not deceiving. Some of the unique antics which have been witnessed on the Senior corridor, and may be ascribed to this unprepossessing lad would be, if exposed, sufficient to damn his soul forever, at least in the minds of—well, never mind!

Don't get the idea that William is entirely frivolous. Far from it, although his early morning rambles and musical tendencies are rather trying at times. His ability as a tackler won him his letter in football this year, and he CAN hurdle, when his mind is not occupied with some intricate mathematical problem beyond the ken of his less favored fellows. In his odd moments, Bill is usually to be found sauntering down Fifth Avenue sans hat, or making life miserable for the Castle girls. In fact, he excels in this favorite Hackley sport, having accounted for one night watchman already, to say nothing of knocking 'em dead in the Drawing-room. Oh yes, Bill is indeed a very remarkable fellow, as we all agreed after he nearly caused the premature death of Taylor Ostrander, when Mr. Russell came upon those two worthies rehearsing for the Senior movie. It seems that our hero had appropriated one of those filmy things from Mrs. R., and had neglected to let G. M. in on the secret. Anyone who saw the Senior movie can imagine the embarrassment of all concerned. Be that as it may, William has promised to reform, but we have our doubts. Certainly we shall be surprised if we don't hear as much about the little man on your left as we have heard of that darn Victrola in the past.

BIGGEST BLUFFER—DONE HACKLEY MOST



RUSSELL BELFIELD

"Russ" *"Blotto"*

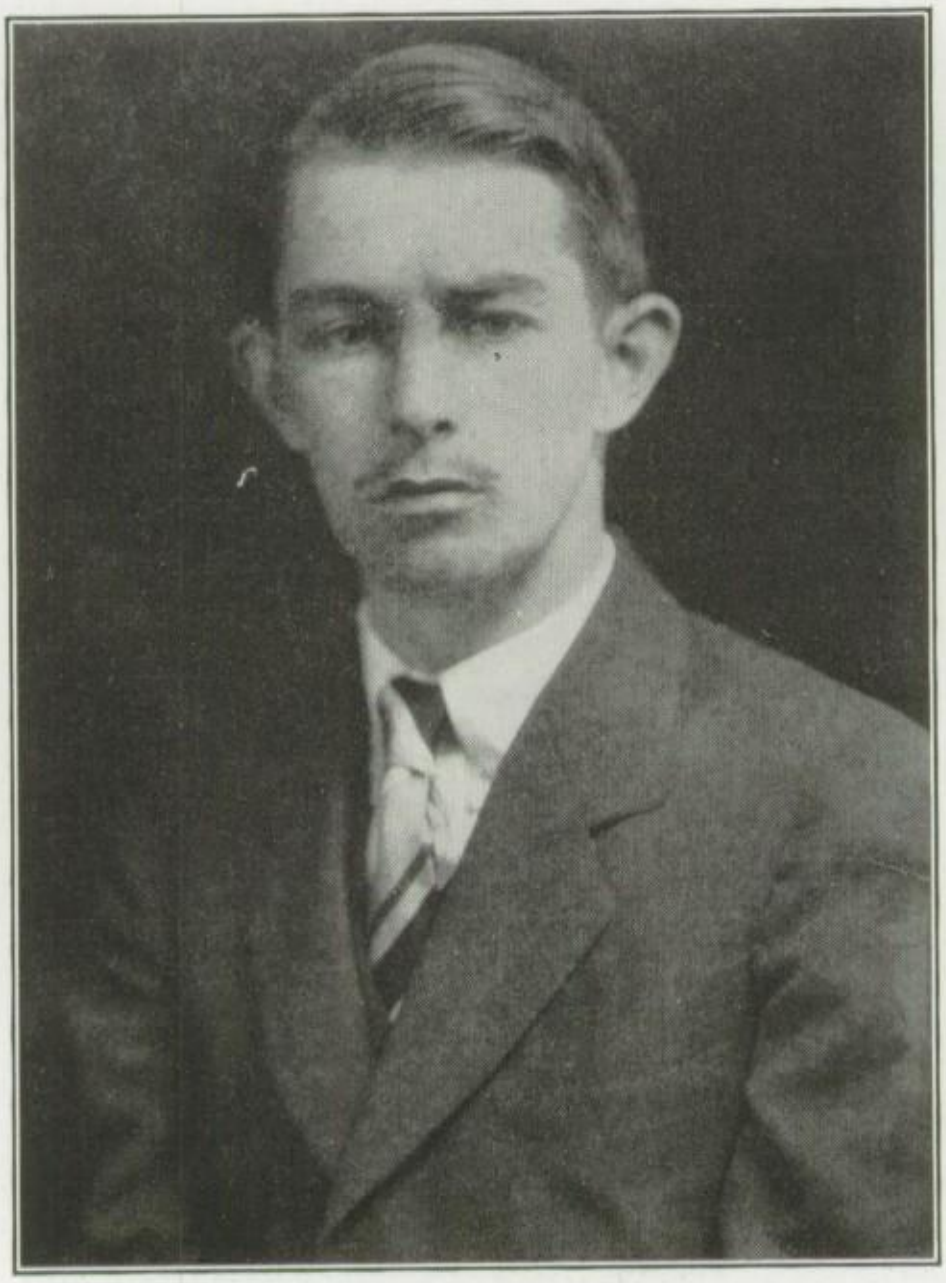
MERION, PA.

Goodhue: Club Football, '22, '23, '24, Team, '25, '26, '27; Club Basketball, '23, '24, Squad, '25, '26, '27, Team, '28; Club Baseball, '23, '24, Squad, '25, Team, '26, '27, '28; Club Soccer, '24, Team, '26, '27; Squad Hockey, '25, Team, '26, '27, '28, Captain, '27; Student Council, '22, '23; Decorating Committee, '25, '26, '27, '28, Chairman, '27, '28; Dance Committee, '27; Dramatic Club, '26, '27, '28; Secretary and Treasurer, '28; President Goodhue Club, '27; Annual Board, '28; Vice-President H. A. A., '27.

HERE we have the first of the famous Philadelphia Trio, and believe me, "Blotto" Belfield needs nothing but his alert personality and handsome face to carry him through what we know will be a successful business career. In fact, he can tell you the shoe business already from instep to heel, working both ways from the middle. Russ is one of the veterans of the class, and has played on all the teams up here since he outgrew Haverford. He captained our Hockey team last year, and holds down our slow-ball artists on the baseball team. Aside from this, Russ has big brown eyes which have won him many friends, and have driven several crazy. He is the paternal grandfather of the Dramatic Club, having appeared in the plays since Lord knows when, his loud bellow being a regular feature of the evening.

This young man's weak points are few and far between, one living in Atlanta, Ga., and the remainder scattered between Kew Gardens and Vassar. Russ has a tough time making the rounds, but seems to get away with it alright,—maybe it's because he was voted the biggest bluffer in the class, and again perhaps it's because he's a pretty good fellow after all. From what we've seen of him, which is plenty, we're inclined to the latter supposition, in spite of his baby face and his ability as a card sharp (ask Gray). Hackley is losing one of its most familiar circuses in Russ Belfield, and it looks as though some college is to be the loser, since he is going directly into business, where we wish him the best of luck. We hope that he'll grace a few reunions with his presence, because the class never seems complete without him, and his raucous voice has become an integral part of Hackley.

TAKES LIFE EASIEST—WORST STUDENT



WILLIAM HERBERT BERRI

"Bill" *"Behri"*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Goodhue: Club Football, '23, '24, 25, '26, '27; Darkening Comm., '24, '25, '26, '27, '28; Chairman, '28; Manager Soccer, '27; Business Manager *Hackley,* '27-'28; Choir, '27, '28.

BILL BERRI, better known as the man in the iron mask, has been in our midst for many, many years, and is rounding out a long service by departing for a trip around the world as soon as possible, and for as long as possible. It is Bill's boast that he never did a stroke of work in his life, and he is dodging college in order that his record may remain unsullied. Although Bill spends most of his time roaring around in a Chrysler far from the haunts of man (Brooklyn, to be exact), he has found time to direct the destinies of the *Hackley* in his capacity as business manager, and anyone who can appreciate his artful dodges as manager of soccer will never doubt that he has always had the interests of the school at heart. When Bill's car is out of the running, he can always be found imitating a boa-constrictor or a walrus in the smoking room, where he consumes other peoples' cigarettes, and keeps us in a constant state of good humor.

Bill's main asset is, his large nose, which everyone seems to notice, but that girl he brings up to the games every so often. As may readily be seen by reference to the opposite page, Bill is not exactly our prize student, but by some miracle of fate, and an unusual advertisement to Mr. Hague both at the organ and in the choir, he has managed to convince the King that Hackley would lose a picturesque figure if he left. For this reason, perhaps, he has remained with us despite his tendency for quarter-century marks, which he pulls down with remarkable regularity. Be this as it may, it seems to us that the King has kept Bill in spite of himself (the King, of course), and has come to the same conclusion that we have reached, that Big Bill Berri is a pretty darn good fellow to have around, and one that the school will be sorry to lose. Certainly we wish him all the luck possible in his journeys and afterward, and hope that he'll let us hear from him once in a while.

WOMAN HATER—BIGGEST FUSSER

ALEXANDER MITCHELL CRANE

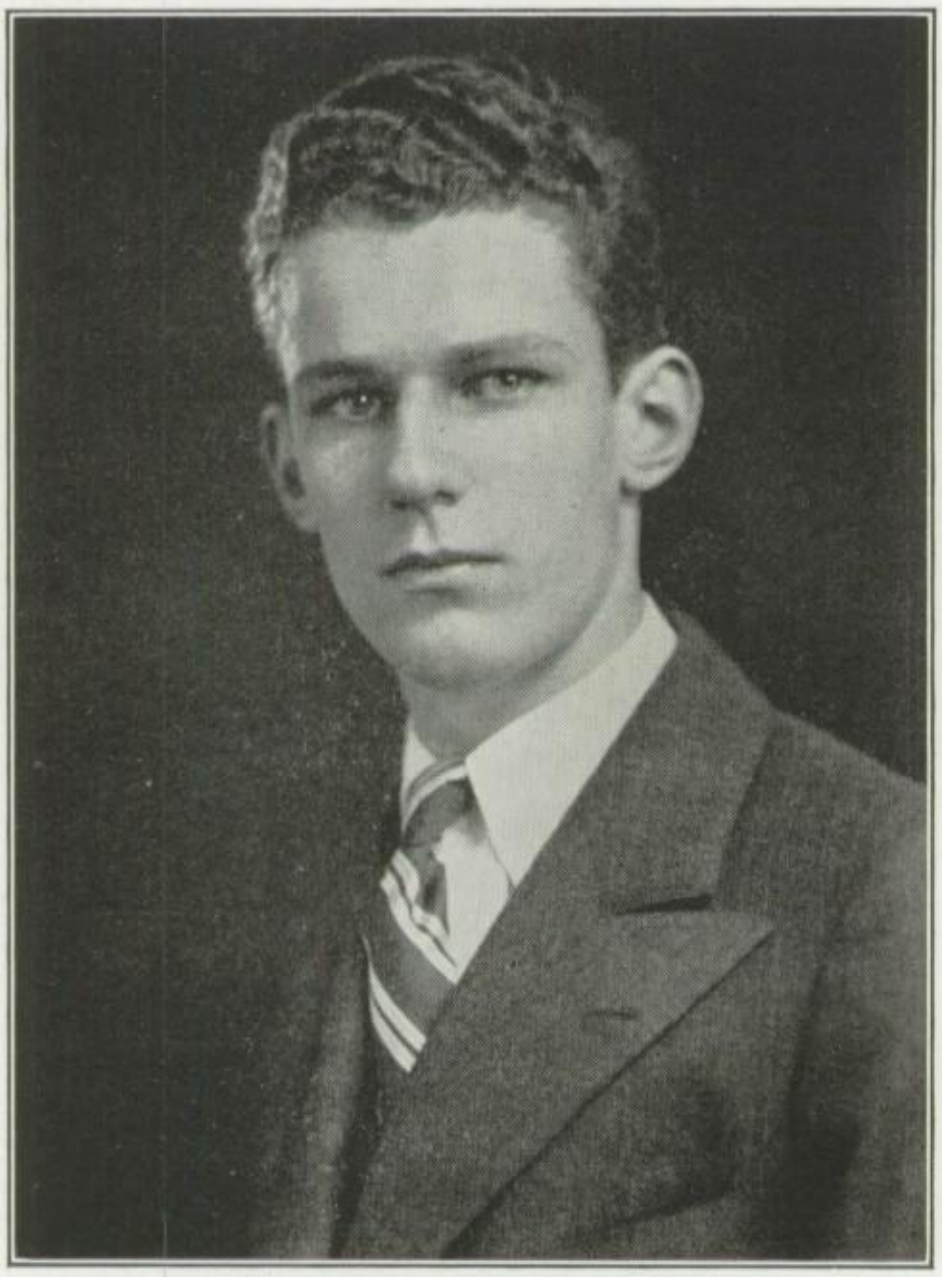
"Big Al" *"Alex"*

SCARSDALE, N. Y.

Goodhue: Club Football, '24, '25; Club Soccer, '24, '26; Squad Soccer, '27; Track Squad, '24, '25, '26, '27, '28; Dial Board, '27-'28; Choir, '27-'28; Dramatic Club, '28; Hackley Board, '28.

ALEXANDER MITCHELL CRANE is different. His difference reverts to the fact that he is forever asking questions instead of answering them. Although one expects to be continually responding to incessant queries when one enters school, "Alex" came with another purpose in mind, i. e., to ask and learn, and what he learns is none of your business. At any rate, he has stored up quite a bit of book wisdom during his stay at Hackley and uses it beneficially as the nucleus of many an imposing article or poem for both the *Hackley* and the *Dial*. Big Al, as he is known to his contemporaries, has, besides his store of book wisdom, a decided aptitude for conversation with the frail sex. In other words, he has a foolproof "line." So far he has not divulged the secret of his success, but what do we care when his latent charm helps make the school dances the successes that they always are (?). More than once one of the Hackley butterflies has deserted the football heroes to converse with "Al," who undeniably has a glowing personality. He rides along with moderate accomplishment in most of his studies, but comes into his own the moment he is greeted by the sarcastic bombshells of A. T.'s class in English. His own brother states that if Alex were to spend all his time on English, he would soon have even the genius named Warner begging for mercy, which is no idle compliment. As far as we know, Big Al is driving straight toward authorship, and as an early preparation for this peculiar ambition, he has decided to honor Amherst with his presence for the next four years. We certainly wish him all possible luck there and in later life.

CLASS PLUMBER—MOST INGENIOUS



RICHARD CRANE

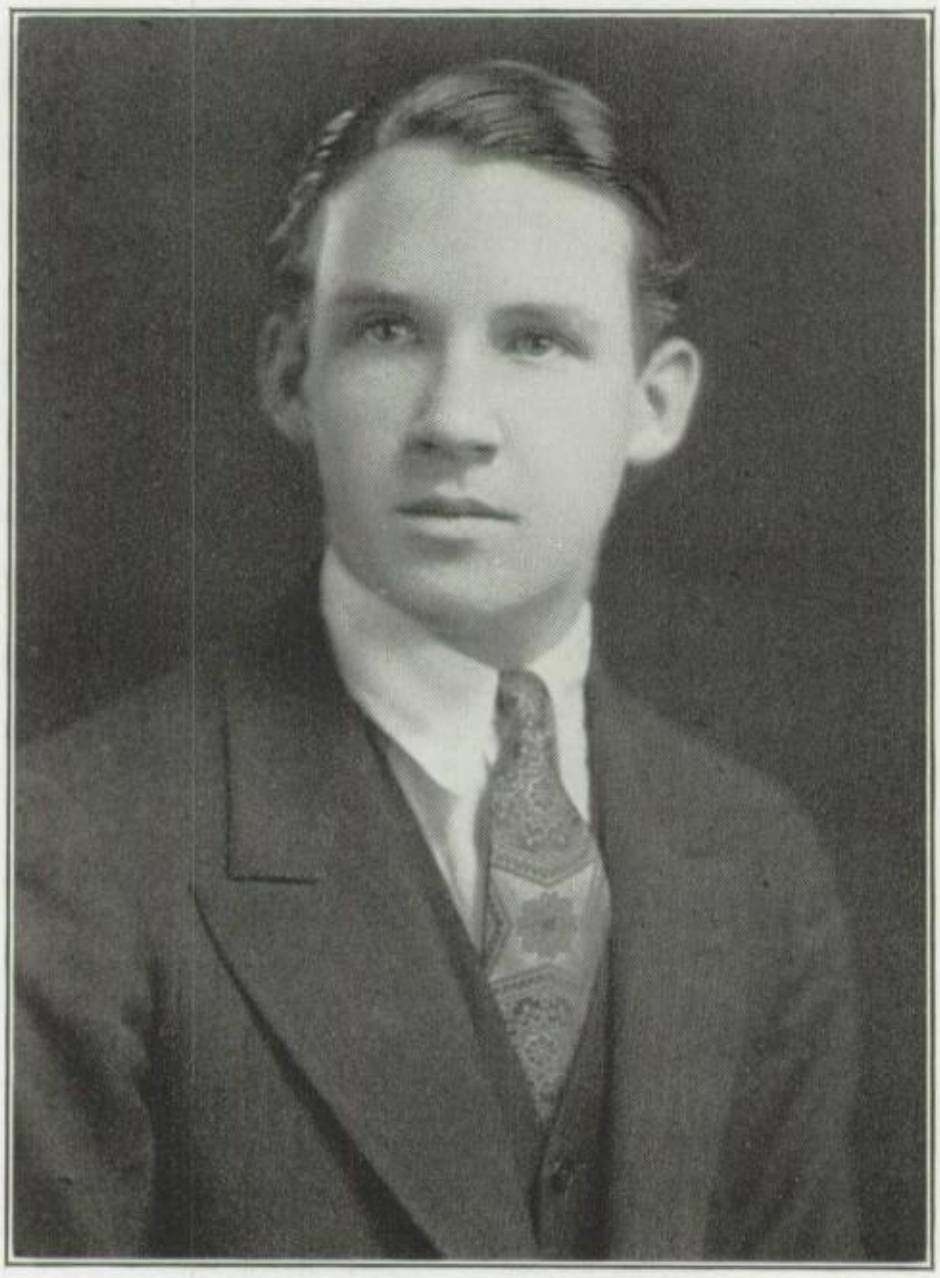
"Si"

SCARSDALE, N. Y.

Goodhue: Club Football, '24, '25, '26, '27; Club Basketball, '25, '26, '27, '28; Track Squad, '26, '27, '28; Stage Crew, '26, '27; Stage Manager, '28; Hackley Board, '28.

AND now let us introduce you to Richard Crane, the boy mechanic and jack-of-all-trades of the Senior Class. For the four years that "Si" has been at Hackley he has steadily increased for the better, until now, where we once saw a lanky, solemn fellow of easy-going disposition and one who was only moderately interested in his work, we have a tall, muscular youth, still a trifle thin but beginning to fill out, who sails through his examinations with flying colors and when angered flys into such a rage that the country round about trembles in terror. We cannot say enough concerning the mechanical ability of this unproclaimed genius, but let it suffice that the few who know him well realize he is a master in the arts of remodeling, constructing, and inventing, and expect him to be one day a man of great prominence among the artisans of the world. However, in other lines "Si" is not so perfect. For example, he hates the sight of women and couldn't be induced to go to a dance unless by superhuman effort. Even when reciting a simple little verse before a throng of admiring damsels, his heart jumped to his throat and obstructed the words which eventually slipped through far behind time. We sincerely hope that he loses this petty characteristic, and wish him the best of luck during his coming year at Harvard, where he will surely need it.

BIGGEST ROUGH-HOUSER—CLASS HOG



JOHN BENEDICT FORREST

"Mouse" "Johnny"

RYE, N. Y.

Goodhue: Club Football, '23, '24, '25, Squad, '26, Team, '27; Club Basketball, '23, '24, '25, Squad, '27, Team, '28; Squad Baseball, '24, '25, Team, '26, '27, '28; Club Soccer, '23, '26, Team, '27; Squad Hockey, '28; Civics Club, '26, '27, '28; Stage Crew, '25, '26, '27; Dramatic Club, '24; Annual Board, '27-'28.

A DEEP-THROATED laugh, a crash of broken furniture, a muttered epithet from Mr. Brockett's room and John B. Forrest, otherwise known as the missing link, strides into the room. Johnny is the biggest roughhouser in school, and though crowned with a flaming shock of vermilion hair, is not Irish, but merely a native of Rye, N. Y. John has unjustly earned the title of class hog, merely because of the huge amounts of pie, cake and canned grape fruit that he consumes weekly, and his almost fanatical love of popcorn, which he leaves strewn up and down the corridor and on Mr. Brockett's bed. Johnny's good spirits have other outlets, of course, as would readily be believed if his work as quarterback on the football team could be appreciated by everyone. He has also played on the baseball team for several years, and is an ardent member of the Civics club.

We don't see much of John around school, and he has never been known to go downtown, but when he and Si Crane get together on their bi-weekly trips to Eastview, believe me, the natives turn out en masse. John has quite a few little frivolities that we don't know much about, but occasionally he is seen wandering over the hills and far away to destinations that it seems are none of our business, although we're willing to bet that Rye sees as much of him over the week-ends as we do. "Mouse" is going to spend his college days at Yale, along with a few comrades in crime, and we rather think that that staid college is in for an abrupt awakening when it folds this lad to its bosom, if it ever does. Chin-chin, Johnny!

NOISIEST—BEST SCHOOL SPIRIT

SOLON GOODRIDGE GRAY, JR.

"Boz" *"Sole"*

ATLANTA, GA.

Raymond: Club Football, '24, '25, Squad, '26, Team, '27; Club Basketball, '25; Hockey Team, '25, '26, '27, '28; Baseball Team, '25, '26, '27, '28, Captain, '28; Choir, '25, '26, '27, '28; School Orchestra, '24, '25, '26; Cheer Leader, '24, '25, '26, '27, '28; Dramatic Club, '27, '28; Track Squad, '28; Chairman Dance Committee, '28.

ON your left, ladies and people, is Solon Gray, the boy wonder from Atlanta and McKeel Ave., Tarrytown. This little man has been with the school for four years, and getting to be quite a landmark in these parts. He started right out by playing on the hockey and baseball teams, and has helped them ever since. This year he is captain of the baseball team and of a good many hearts in and around New York. Although Solon is the noisiest youngster in school, there are a good many things that he doesn't talk about except to the King (ask the nightman in the Grand Central), and his numerous nocturnal sorties with ?——O? are becoming the talk of the neighboring countryside; and the way he gets along with Marie is nobody's business but his own. Although you wouldn't know it to look at him, Sole is the biggest tightwad in the class, except where ———— is concerned. He's pretty young to be in love, but he must know what he's doing, because he's been that way, on and off for several years, at least, and without much time out, either. This little boy is beyond a doubt the up and coming Bobby Jones of the next generation, and the fatherly air he assumes toward the rest of us when we talk about golf is disgusting. The worst we wish him is that he may go around in over 90 some day when Sally is around—or is it Harriet? We never get really mad at Sole, though, because he is full of peculiarities and school spirit, and because he intends to go to Dartmouth, where he'll probably turn into a second Hoby Baker and make us all famous, unless that peculiar twist(ask Pearson) gets the better of him, or he learns to agree with Virgil when he said, "Varium et mutabile semper femina." No matter what happens though, Solon, we're all for you and wish you the best of everything after you leave us.

DONE MOST FOR HACKLEY—BEST PERSONALITY

ADOLPH HERRMANN

"Benny"

NEW YORK CITY

Goodhue: Club Football, '24, Squad, '26, Varsity, '27; Club Basketball, '26, '27, '28; Club Baseball, '25, 26, '27; Manager of Varsity, '28; Civics Club, '27, '28; President, '28; Stage Crew, '26; Dramatic Club, '26, '27-'28; Hackley Board, '27-'28; Editor-in-Chief Dial, '27-'28; Annual Board, '27-'28.

THE Human Gorilla of the Senior class now has the center of the stage. It is Benny's proud boast that he can clean up on any two corridors in school at one and the same time, and he has come near making good his words more than once. Another very distinguishing trait about Adolph (that's really his name) is the well-known fact that he hates the women—and how! Be that as it may, Ben is a pretty swell football player, and as manager of baseball his equal has never crossed the numerous thresholds of Hackley. Benny plays Club basketball, too, and it is this that keeps us in a good mood all winter. His contortions on the gym floor are unusual, to say the least, and there are times when time out is necessary in order that the official may recover his dignity. Really, Benny has the interests of the school at heart, and has done more than anyone to make the Civics Club a success, even to the extreme of demanding sheep-skins for the charter members at every meeting. Aside from these things, Adolph is one of those bright guys that can always be counted on to get at least an 85 every time the marks are posted, and we haven't had a vacation yet that hasn't found Benny returning two and even three days late, and grinning at the unfortunates in an entirely too self-satisfied way.

Benny is determined that Harvard shall have the advantages attendant to his presence at college, and certainly shouldn't have any trouble maintaining himself there and soon making himself a Phi Beta or some other equally useless, but nevertheless distinguished personage. We hope that Benny will get over his love of the fair sex by the time he leaves dear old Harvard, and under the tutelage he will receive there, we rather believe that he shall blossom forth into unknown fields.

MOST ENTERTAINING—LAZIEST

WILLIAM BURT INSLEE

"Bill" *"Baum"*

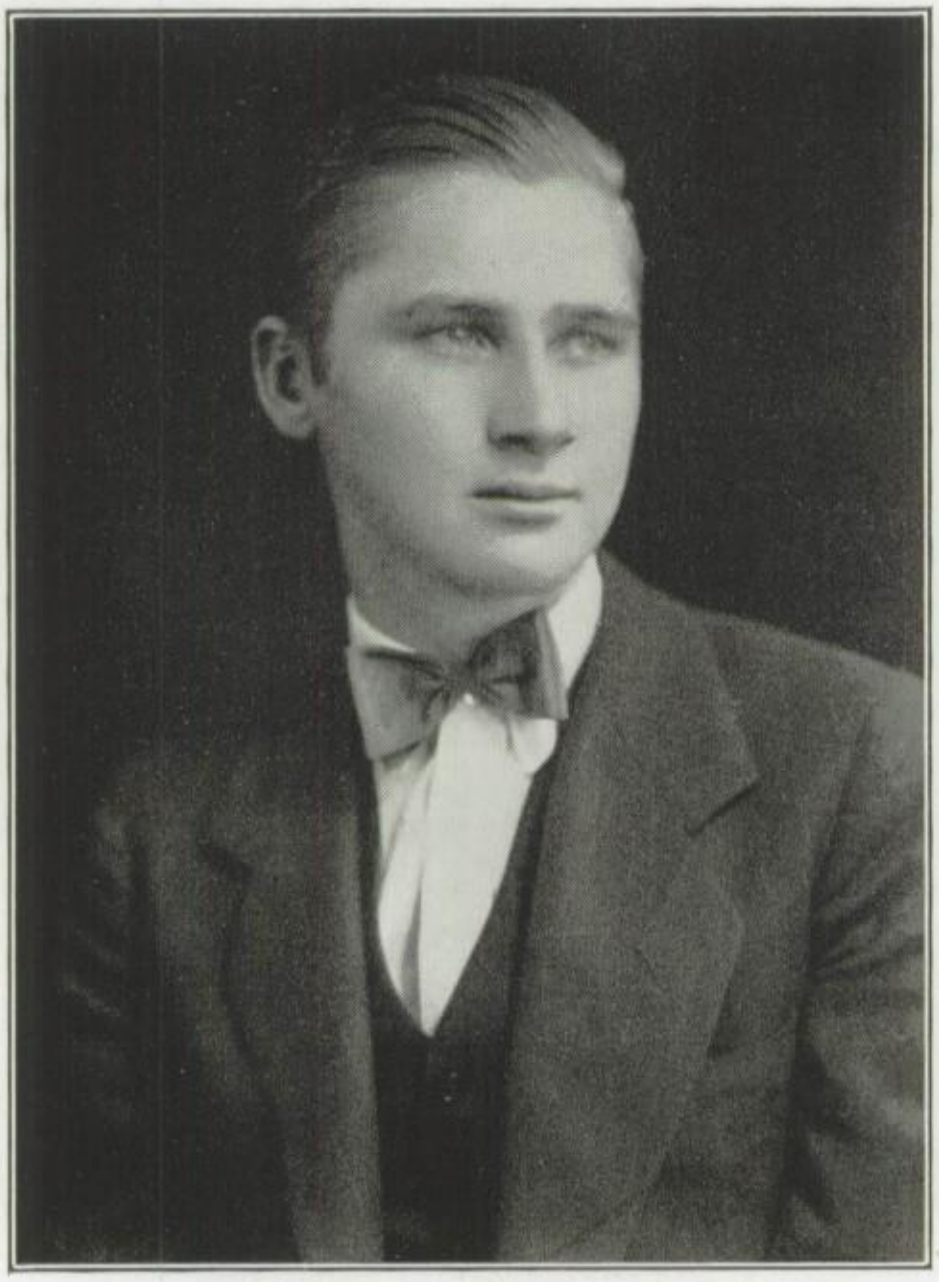
ONEIDA, N. Y.

Goodhue: Vice-President Goodhues, '27-'28; Hockey Manager, '28; Football Team, '26, '27, '28; Soccer Team, '26, '27, Captain, '27; Basketball Squad, '26, Club Basketball, '28; Baseball Team, '26; Glee Club, '26, '27, '28; Choir, '26, '27, '28; Track Squad, '27.

HERE, girls, is an authentic photograph of William Burt Inslee, the man in a million. He hails from Syracuse, or thereabouts, and never tires of telling us about it. Bill has earned for himself the distinction of being the laziest fellow in the class, and if we may judge from present indications, he will soon become nationally prominent for that very trait. Honestly, Bill has more ways of dodging work than any other three of us. He has even been known to use his influence with the powers that be to excuse himself from work of any nature for weeks at a time, while he lolls about in bed and consumes Pop's detective stories. In spite of all his bad habits, though, Bill has found time to play on the football team for the last three years, and win points for Pop in track. These good points coupled with his phenomenal ability to make us laugh, have won for Bill a place in Hackley's hall of fame, that will take a pretty long absence to remove.

Bill keeps his activities pretty much to himself, but it has gradually become noised abroad that he is a lady-killer of the first water, and it is a well-known fact that those all-too-frequent afternoons spent in White Plains are not wasted in the movies, even if he does take in a show once in a while! New York, where so many have gone wrong, is another favorite hangout of Bill's, and he can usually find some accommodating doctor to call on at least once every two weeks. When he goes to New York, our William just disappears, and consequently his hangouts are not known, but when he does show up again several days later, it must be admitted that there is very little of the Big City that he is unacquainted with. "Insbaum" is going to spend the rest of his life in the University (?) of Syracuse, where we certainly wish him all the luck he needs, and expect him to get away with all he can. Cheerio!

WITTIEST—MOST SOPHISTICATED—MEXICAN ATHLETE I



RICHARD YOUNG MEDARY

"Dick" *"Medaire"*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Goodhue: Squad Football, '26, Varsity, '27; Soccer Team, '26, '27; Basketball Squad, '27, Team, '28; Baseball Team, '28; Assistant Editor-in-Chief ANNUAL, '27-'28; Civics Club, '27, '28; Dramatic Club, '28; Goodhue Cheer Leader, '27-'28.

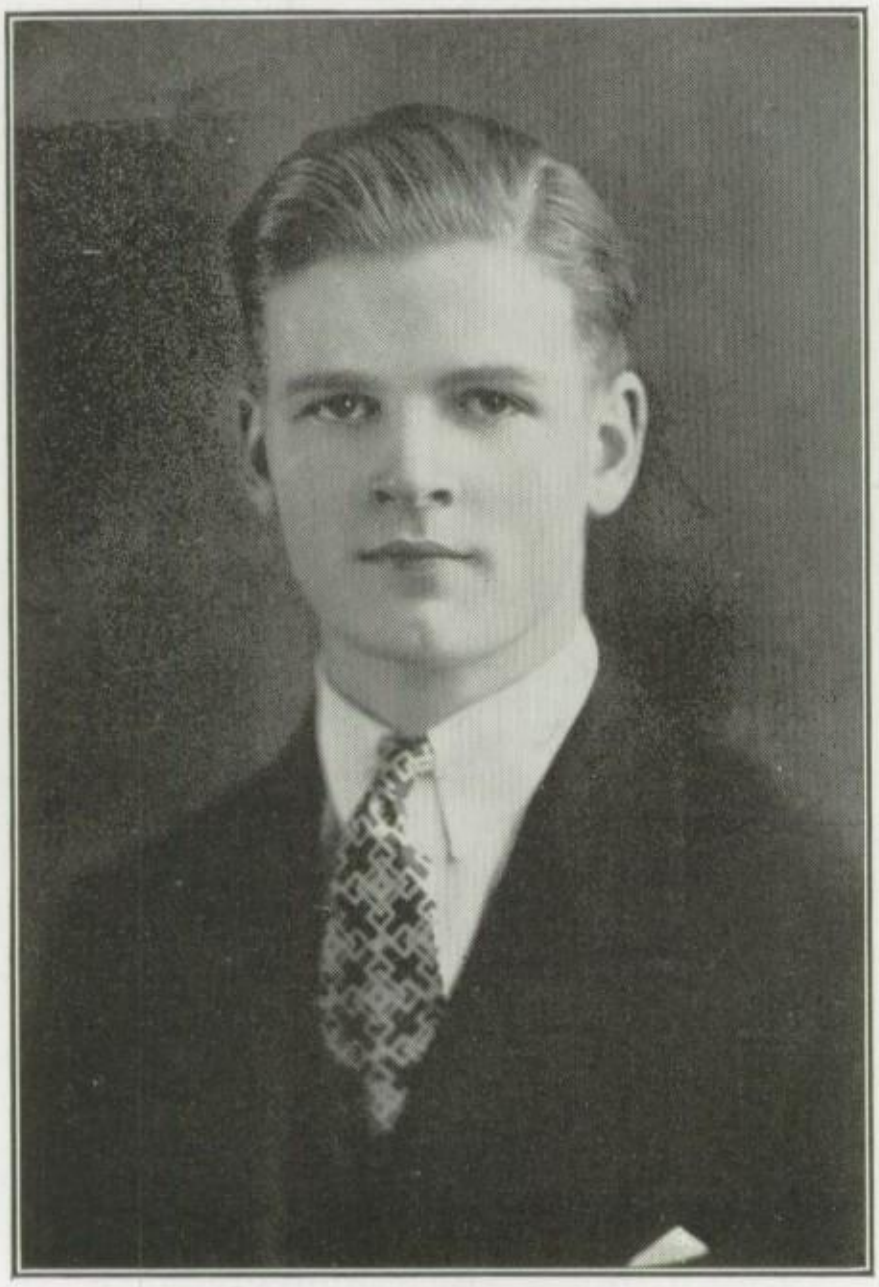
WHAT ho! What ho! What manner of man is this? Can it be, or is it—no. It is absolutely not Houdini, not a traffic cop, and not an Elk, but who is it?—Richard Y. Medary, better known as "Million Bucks."

"Medaire," our class wit, has been, is, and will be the death of us all. When he isn't writing twelve page letters to "Tottie," or going home to attend a convenient wedding, he has us rolling about the deck in convulsions. "Dick" has acquired the faculty of hoodwinking everyone, even P. L.—witness the Vergil class.

"Medaire's" activities around school have been limited to rather peaceful pursuits. Outside of playing on the football team and soccer team, boosting the Civics Club morale, and writing half this publication, he has been blissfully indolent. Of course, we must forgive him for these actions, since he comes from the land of "Scraffle" and crooked politics. However, we don't like to see a good man go to waste. Secret trips to Glenville or Wilde Street, combined with great mutterings (See Gray), lead us to rather hasty conclusions. But then, those phone calls from "Philly." Can it be that she is wasting her money, or is it just a bluff?—we don't know, but we sure would like to.

"Dick" is headed for Penn next year, where he ought to swing along successfully. We certainly will miss you, old boy, when the parting of the ways arrives.

BEST BACKGROUND—MOST ORIGINAL



JOHN FRIEND NOBLE

"Jack" *"Nobility"*

HASTINGS, N. Y.

Raymond: Club Football, '25, '26, '27; Club Basketball, '26, '27, 28; Track Squad, '26, '27, '28; Squad Soccer, '26, '27; Civics Club, '27, '28; Choir, '27, '28; Dramatic Club, '28; Stage Crew, '26; Stage Manager, '27; Art Director, '28; Annual Board, '27-'28; Hackley Board, '27-'28.

HALL hail the Royal Purple! Purple ties, purple curtains, purple sox, etc., etc., ad infinitum, ad nauseam. Aside from this one horrible craving, Jack has practically no faults, and we overlook this trait as a streak of uncontrollable insanity, and pass on to his finer characteristics, of which he really has a few, no foolin'. Jack has been pretty active in club athletics for some time, and this year was a banner year for this tall lad both in football and basketball. Outside of athletics, our hero has had quite a bit to do with the school activities in general, and those requiring artistic talent in particular. He is the class artist, and if he keeps up at his present rate, he'll develop into something someday. Remember the way he conducted the Senior theatricals, and kept the audience convulsed with laughter, (Never mind what at). Jack has a way with him, though, which gets him along in any company. It didn't take us long to find it out when he joined us; and it has been forcibly brought to our attention several times in the last few years, at times when his help was seriously needed. The way in which he managed the entire Senior Production, movie and all, is really worthy of praise, and will everyone reading this please bow their heads for two minutes and offer up a silent prayer of thanksgiving that we have someone like Jack to bolster up the choir, entertain the Queen, strengthen our drag with the King, get on our nerves generally—?

Although Jack has the best background of anyone in the class, he has only six points for college, and he will need all of his well-known personality and then some if he expects to get into Yale next year, which he proudly informs us is his intention. Here's hoping that if he does succeed in entering next fall, he will find as many friends as he is leaving behind at Hackley.

NEEDS DRAG MOST—BEST DRESSER

FRANK TAYLOR OSTRANDER

"Tay" *"Ossie"*

SCARSDALE, N. Y.

Goodhue: Club Football, '24, '27, '28; Squad Soccer, '27, '28; Squad Hockey, '27, Team, '28; Squad Track, '27, '28; Choir, '27-'28; Stage Crew, '27, '28; Movie Operator, '28.

THIS lad is the handsome "Tay" Ostrander that everyone has heard so much about, especially in connection with the Senior movie. This fellow, although the dashing hero of many a love frolic, has managed to keep himself out of the good graces of the faculty to a greater degree than any of the rest of us, which is saying a lot. We have heard that his violent love-making in the Senior movie has definitely turned Mr. Russell's heart against him, but that Mr. Kellett recognized that it was only his wife's fur coat that our dashing hero was embracing, and not that worthy lady in the flesh, but one Bill Andrews, to be exact. Too much may never be said of Taylor's acting, but let us take time out to mention that he sings in the choir, and is a mighty football man, if he does say so himself. He usually spends his time preening in front of a mirror, or writing sweet nothings for the *Hackley* or some other source of inspiration. He manages to get home, or so he says, at least once a week, and the times no one knows about are much more frequent. Living near by, he naturally knows all the nooks in the neighboring towns and ice cream parlors, and a day with him is a treat indeed, especially if he can be persuaded to show you all he really knows. Mrs. Gage can always count on Taylor to enhance the success of a dance by supplying any number of sweet young things at a moment's notice, although this should not be mentioned to that girl in White Plains that we see once in a great while, and hear about from morning to night. Taylor is going to Williams. Which shows that he has good judgment after all, and we know that he can be counted on to uphold the honor and traditions of dear old Hackley.

BEST ATHLETE—BEST BUILD

RICHARD MARSHALL PAGE, JR.

"Dick" *"Pa—ge"*

LARCHMONT, N. Y.

Raymond: Squad Football, '26, Varsity, '27, '28; Hockey Team, '26, '27, '28; Soccer Team, '26, '27; Track Squad, '26, '27, '28; Squad Baseball, '26, Team, '27, '28; Dramatic Club, '27, '28; Hockey Captain, '28; Civics Club, '28; Dial Board, '28.

TRAMP, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching! Yes indeedy, little boys, this is Dick Page, the only and original understudy of Dan Beard, in whose footsteps he hopes some day to follow. Although he is known all over school as "Boy Scout," Dick has managed to live down this handicap and become rather well known at school and in Ossining as one of the world's premier football players, and captain of the only hockey team that ever beat Johnny Hun's. This is as far as the Boy Scout's athletic prowess goes, but he has been active in other ways. Many others, in fact. But the only ones we will mention here are his importance to Mr. Hague in the choir, and his ability as an actor. If you don't believe this last crack, Mr. A. T. Cook would be glad to substantiate the statement at any time. Richard is a demon with the women, too, even if his taste does even run to the bleak, gray walls of Sing-Sing, and those girls from Larchmont that he brings over occasionally are the pride of the school and the envy of all the damsels for miles around.

You've guessed it. Dick comes from Larchmont, and there he may be found most any old time, Sundays in particular. Of course, he has his desperate moments, and has been known to visit the Aquarium Club, but he usually contents himself with a quiet afternoon at Goldblatt's, or a more hectic one with the more favored females from almost anywhere. Dick is so dumb that he thinks Harvard is a college, and in spite of all our well-meant protests has definitely decided to spend the next four years there. He won't be alone in his misery, though, if what we know of him is any indication, it won't be long before he is accepted there as heartily as he has always been here. Our good wishes go with you, Boy Scout, and be careful of the card sharps at that naughty place!

BEST DANCER—MOST VERSATILE—MEXICAN ATHLETE II

MALCOLM LUDLAM PEARSON

"Mac" *"Pod"*

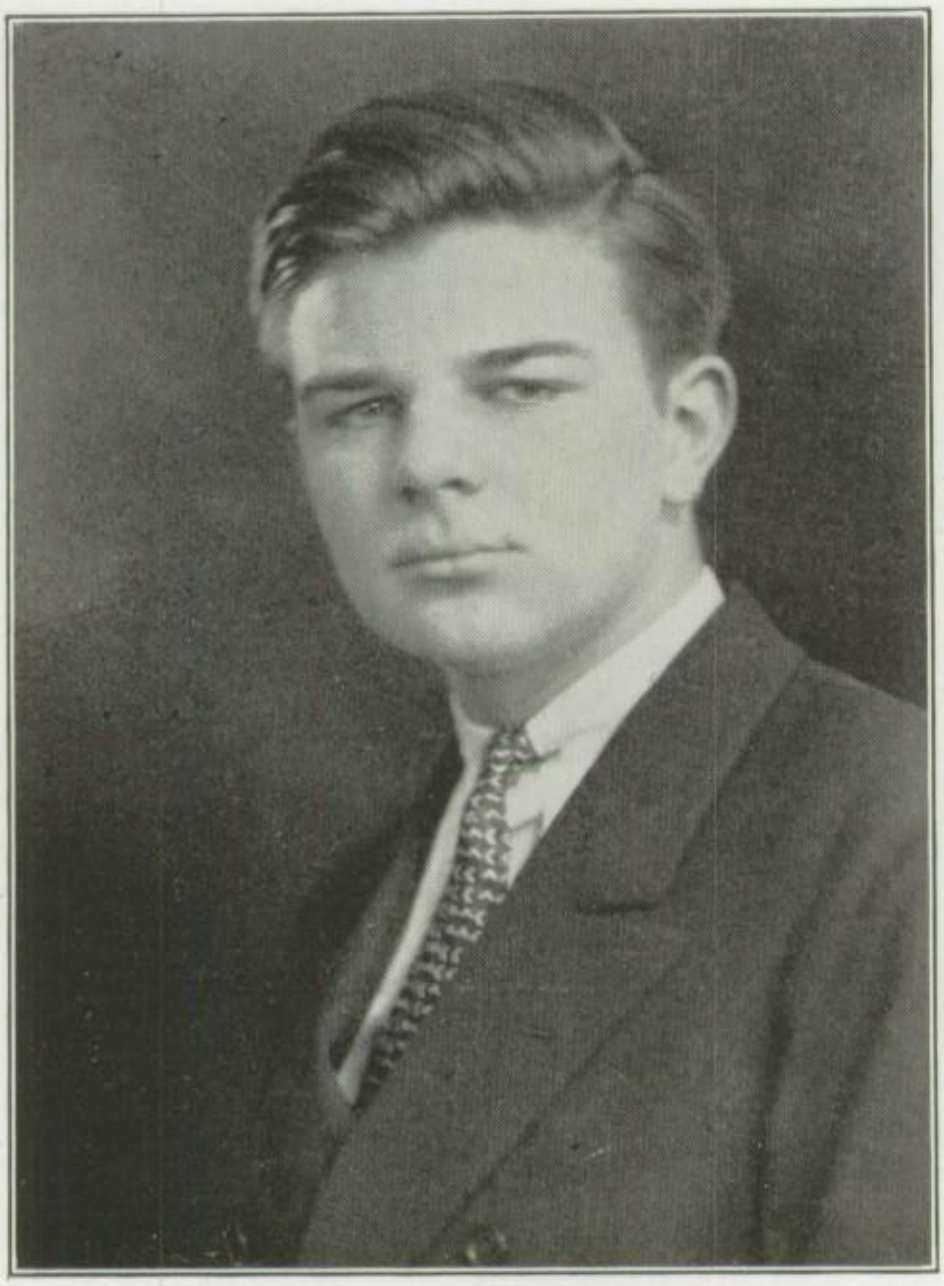
NEW YORK CITY

Goodhue: Squad Football, '25, Varsity, '26, '27; Varsity Soccer, '26, '27; Squad Basketball, '26, '27, Varsity, '28; Varsity Baseball Team, '26, '27, '28; Civics Club, '26, '27, '28, Charter President, '26; Dance Committee, '27-'28; Stage Crew, '26, '27; Decorating Committee, '27, '28, Chairman, '28; Dramatic Club, '27, '28, President, '28; Dial Board, '27, '28; Editor-in-Chief of ANNUAL, '27-'28.

YES indeedy, Girls and Boys, this IS Mr. Pearson, the versatile editor-in-chief of this most extraordinary publication. Mac, or "Our Mal," as he is not called, has waddled his way into every activity our alma mater can boast of. He's been the anchor of the football team for some time past, and gallops around the soccer field as though he knew something about the game. He does know baseball, though, and got several hits last year. Ask Belfield. Mac is pretty proud of the English-speaking people in New York, and says he wouldn't live in Philadelphia even if Bertha DID live there, but we know that he is only joshing us, and trying to be funny, as he will do at times. No foolin', though, Mac has worked overtime to make the ANNUAL a success, and you've got to give him credit, even if he is the best dancer in the class, and a smooth hand in the back seat of Baldaccini's taxis.

Mac's leisure is his own, and how he spends it is nobody's business. But any dark night during vacation, he may be found by ringing three times in a peculiar manner at the back door of the Aquarium, or by standing at 42nd and Broadway and shouting "Pax vobiscum," which is the rallying cry of all boys who intend to go to Williams, if you have ever heard of that hunter's paradise in the Berkshires. Speaking of college, this droll fellow is all set to show the sceptical what an unusual combination of brains and brawn he is, and if he can get as good marks there with as little work as he does here, Hackley bids fair to have produced the Marvel of the Age. No one, here, at any rate, doubts that Mac will make a success of anything that he undertakes, and it won't take long for his new friends to learn to think as much of him as we do. Good luck, old boy!

QUIETEST—SLOPPIEST



ROLAND ALBERTUS PERRY

"Perri" *"Rollo"*

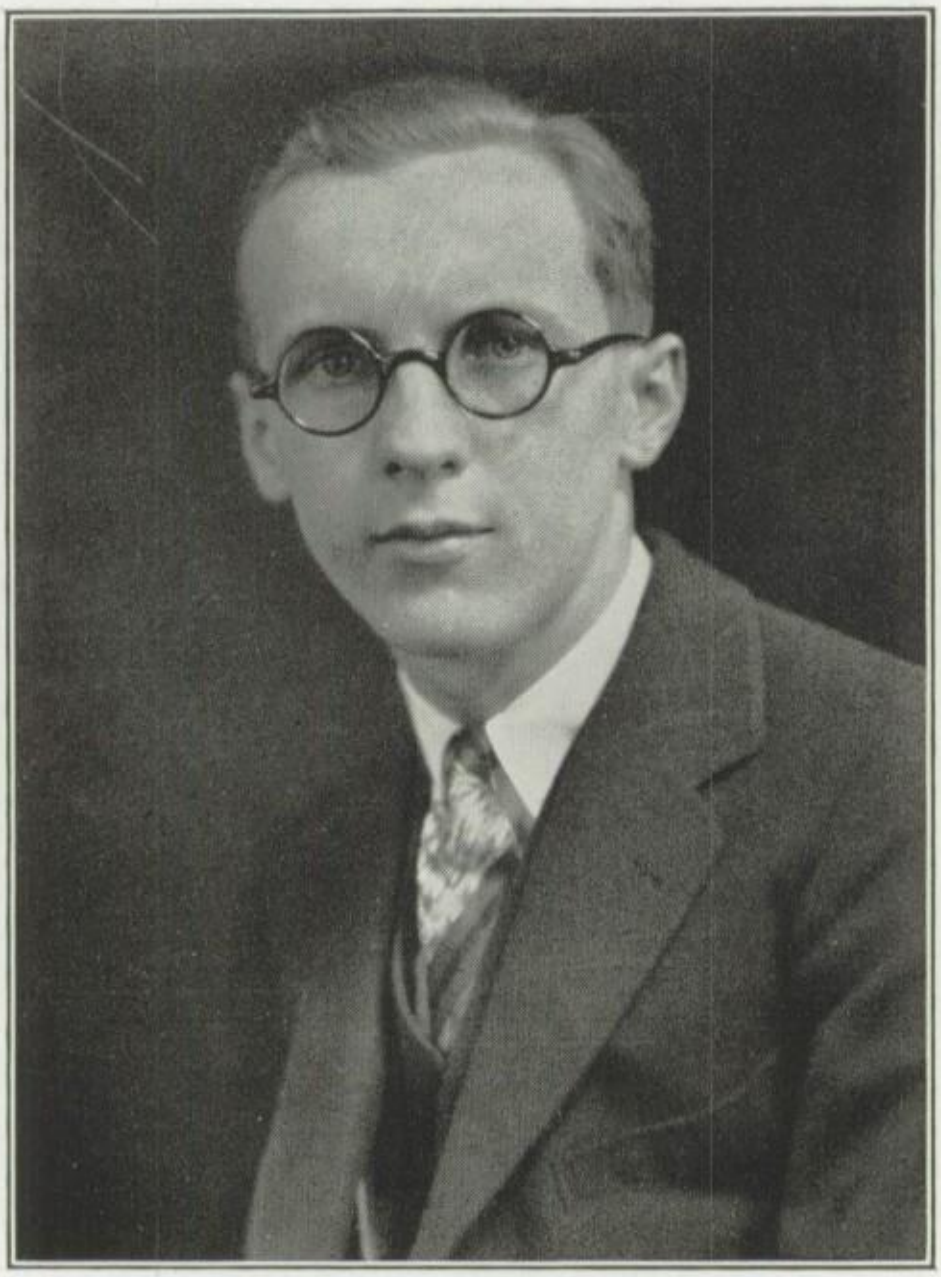
NEW YORK CITY

Goodhue: Club Football, '24, '25, '26, '27; Club Basketball, '25, '26, '27, '28; Club Baseball, '25, '26, '27, '28; Dramatic Club, '27, '28; Hackley Board, '27-'28.

ROLAND PERRY! Take a long and lingerin' look, folks, because you'll never meet up with his counterpart this side of Greenwich Village, which is "Pewwy's" hangout. Roland is an artist through and through, despite that ill-mannered lock of hair and simple expression on his face. As Bad Dan Baxter in the Senior movie, he proved himself master of the art of calisthenics, if nothing else. This bird is pretty quiet, and consequently we don't hear much about him, but we do know that he is a demon on the football field and basketball court, as well as Goldblatt's movie house, and bids fair to disrupt the Vergil class with an ignorance so colossal that it must be assumed. Aside from these everyday occurrences, we know little about Rolando, but we hear rumours—It has been whispered about that he had something to do with putting the swordfish in Pop's bed, but we don't believe it. Nor do we believe that it was he whom the nightwatchman chased away from Castle every Saturday night last term. Yes, these accusations are too dire to be given credence for a moment, but we *do* know that what little leisure Pewwy is able to gain from his many pursuits is spent in White Plains and points south, all the way to N. Y. C., but we don't tell the King, will you?

Many a time this dear lad has escaped chastisement merely because of the perfectly asinine expression he can assume at times and with which he has been able to keep everyone buffaloed, although it is believed in higher circles that he is secretly laughing at the gullibility of the faculty and others, and, between snatches of verse for the *Hackley,* spending his time planning new villainies and new means of evading the consequences of his former ones. Roland is the sloppiest guy in the class, and that's a thing to be proud of and tell your grandchildren about, as he really admits himself. When interviewed as to how he was able to continually maintain himself in such a disreputable condition, he replied that under no circumstances did he ever brush his hair or have his clothes pressed. He said this with a great deal of pride, so you may readily see what an unusual boy Yale is going to be honored with next year, and, we hope, for several years to come. Have a good time, old fellow, and remember that not only our well-wishes and interest, but also our friendship, go with you.

MOST INDEPENDENT—WILL NEVER MARRY



EDWARD MOORE PROCTOR

"Ed"

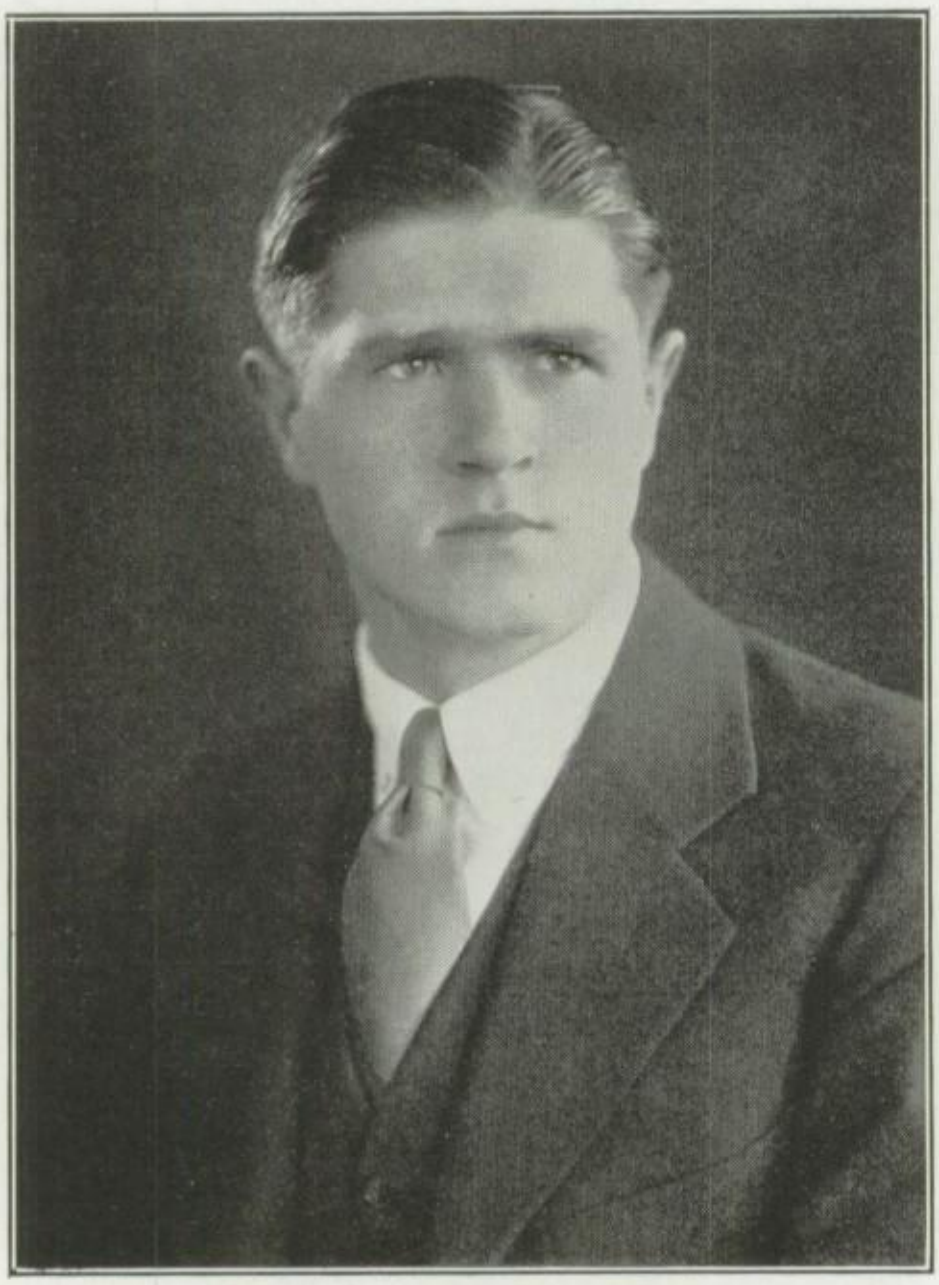
NEW YORK CITY

Goodhue: Club Football, '23, '24, '25, '27; Club Basketball, '24, '25, Squad, '27; Track Squad, '24, '25, Team, '26, '28; Choir, '27-'28; Decorating Committee, '26, '28; Captain Relay Team, '28.

HERE we have Edward Proctor, the boy who does as he pleases, and doesn't care who knows it. According to H. M. Cook, he isn't much as a Physicist, but if you listen to Pop rave, you'll find that he's a pretty good track man. A star, as a matter of fact. Ed is one fast boy, and his speed is evidenced on the football field as well as in the drawing room. This is the boy that will never marry, but that is merely because he doesn't take anything seriously enough to put his whole mind into it. The Senior movie is perhaps an exception, but taken generally, this youth is pretty independent, and his exertions are liable to be decidedly extra-curriculum, unless he settles down when he gets to Cornell, which is decidedly unlikely. The settling down, of course!

The stray moments of this lad are spent in various, and at times unusual, ways. If he is not taking a movie of Mrs. Butler and Teddy, he may be found chuckling to himself under the watchful eye of Herr Goldblatt, and making deep and subtle remarks as to the physiognomy of certain of Hollywood's most eminent actors, or is it actresses? Sometimes, of course, Ed develops receding arches and has to spend a week or two at his home in the wilds of New Jersey, but he usually contents himself with doing New York in as thorough a manner as possible, which can be pretty thorough, if what the authorities say means anything. Ed doesn't break away often, though, and his slight lapses are easily overlooked by the rest of us, and may even come to be admired in the engineering school at the head of Lake Cayuga, who knows? Anyhow, let's hope that Ed makes a success of his college—but who doubts it? Certainly none of us who know him for what he is.

HANDSOMEST—BEST ALL-AROUND FELLOW—MOST POPULAR



ROBERT SHIPPEE

"Bob"

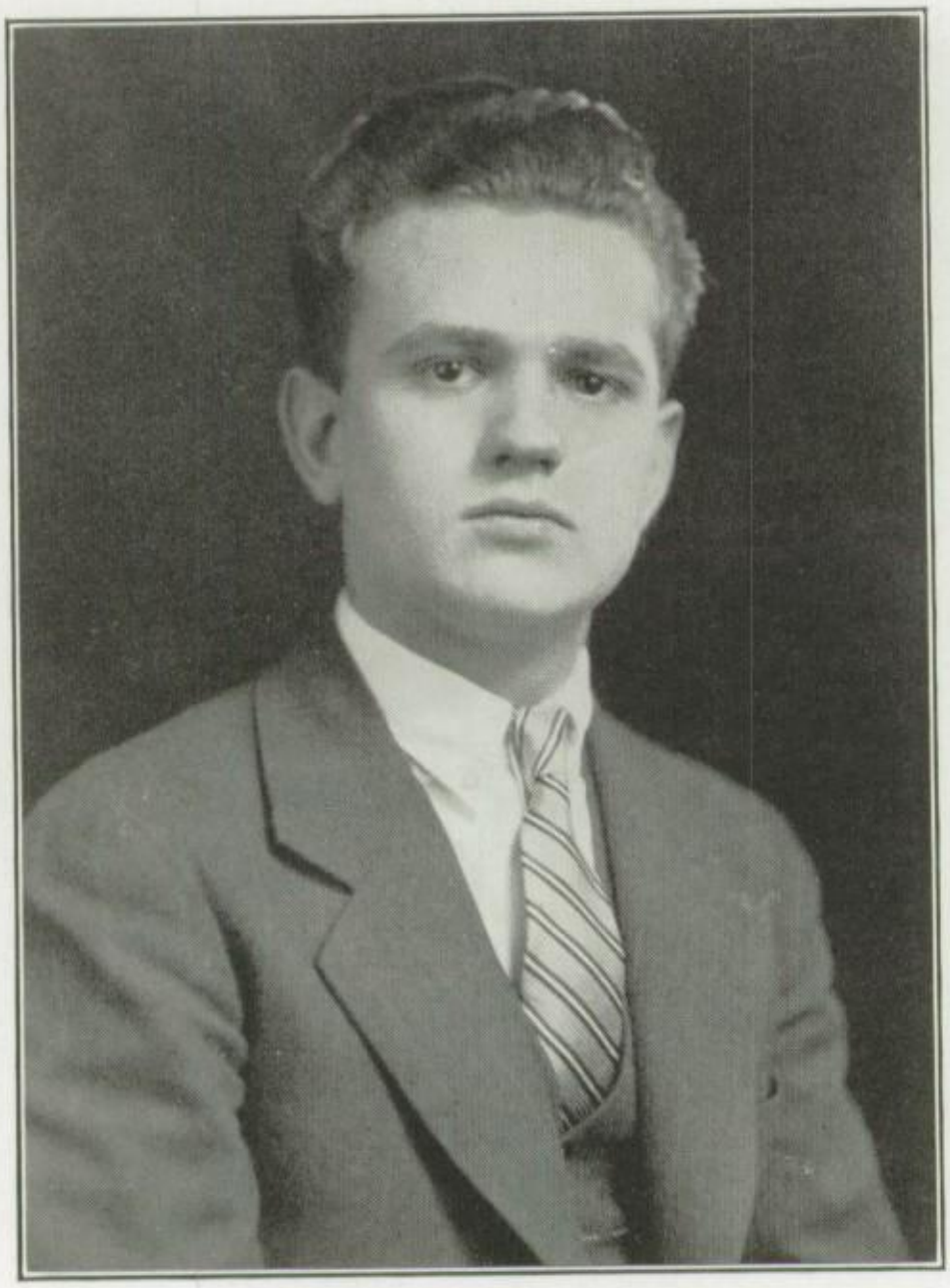
RED BANK, N. J.

Raymond: Vice-President of Class, '25, '26, '27, President, '28; President H. A. A., '28; President of Raymonds, '28; Second Vice-President Civics Club, Third President, '28; Squad Football, '24, Varsity, '25, '26, '27, Captain, '27; Varsity Soccer, '27; Hockey Squad, '27, Varsity, '28; Track Squad, '25, '26, Varsity, '27, '28; Dramatic Club, '27, '28; Stage Electrician, '26, '27, '28; Dance Committee, '28; Editor-in-Chief of *Hackley,* '28.

THIS, good people, is Robert Shippee of Red Bank, N. J. He is one of the few in the class that have the nerve to boast that they are headed for Harvard, that Mecca of the intellectuals, where men are men and—never mind! Besides being the president of our very versatile class, Bob was captain of football this year, won his letter in track, and throws a mean hockey stick, among other things. Thanks to Bob's drag with the King, and his good work as editor of the *Hackley,* we rather think that the extremely well-moulded features on the left will be missed, and heartily bemoaned when they no longer do a hornpipe down the corridor of nights.

Although one of this guy's habits is getting a good translation in Latin class, we don't hold that against him, and are glad to see him when he *is* around, which has become rather infrequent of late. Usually he spends his time in New York; or, when lights are low, in White Plains, or even Tarrytown. Any existing reason for absence from school has been thoroughly utilized by Bob, and the afore-mentioned drag enables him to snap his fingers at existing authority, which frequently happens. Another of Bob's traits is his love of the unusual. Too bad we couldn't all hear about that moose with the 99-inch wheelbase, or see that Locomobile in Red Bank, which is the pride of upper New Jersey, and an eye-sore from Quebec to Key West. The best part of Bob's varied experiences is the fact that we can all get the benefit of them, and when he joins the Wilderness Club or takes his next trip to Africa, let's hope he'll come back and tell the staid remainder of the class how it is up there among the———! Have a good time at Harvard, Bob!

BEST DRAG—WORST GRIND



JOHN ARTHUR POLHEMUS

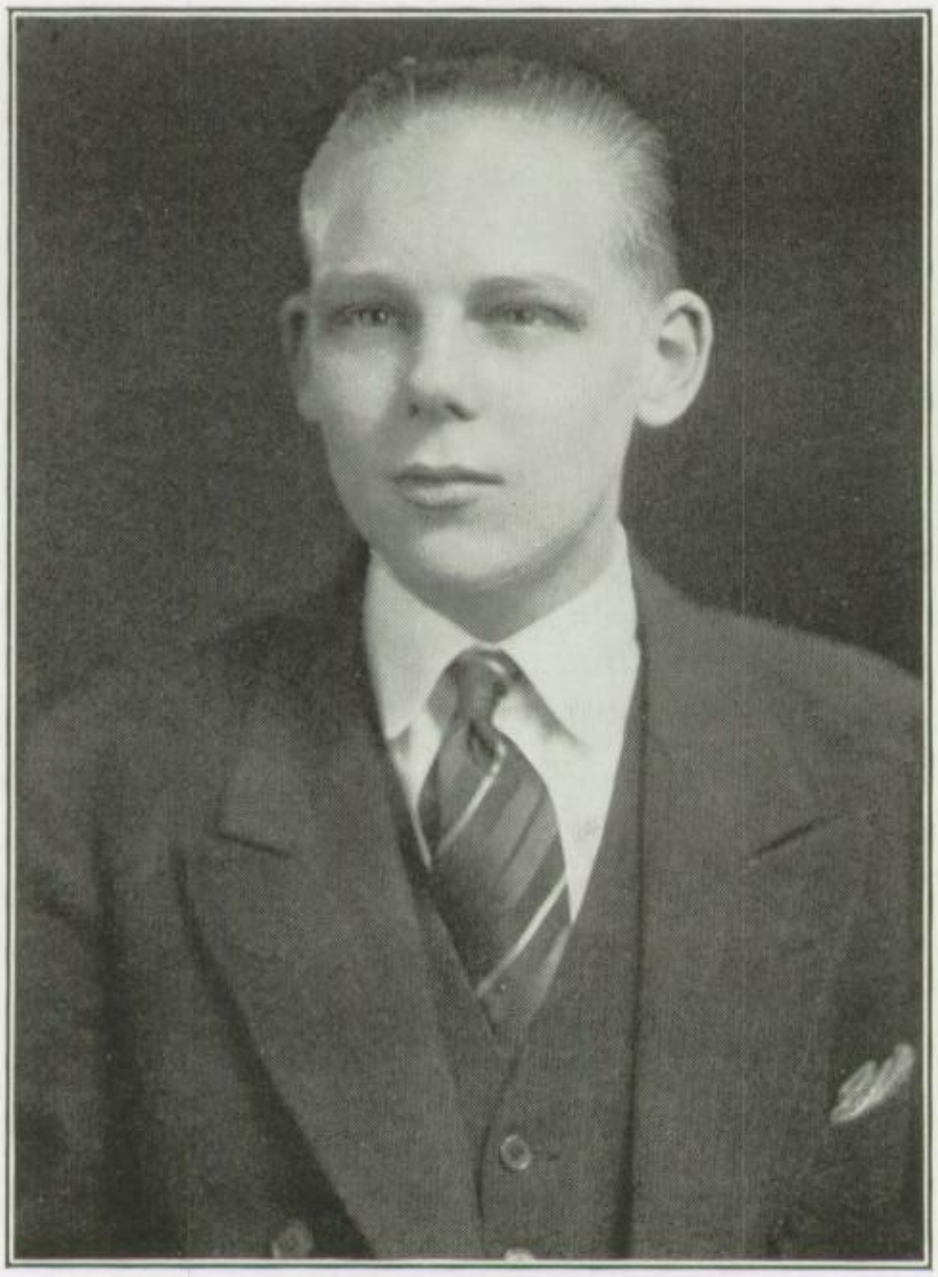
"Polly" *"Art"*

NEW YORK CITY

Goodhue: Club Football, '22, '23, '24, '25; Club Basketball, '22, '23, '24, '25; Club Baseball, '22, '23, '24, '25; Squad Football, '25, '26, Team, '27; Squad Basketball, '26; Manager Team Basketball, '28; Squad Baseball, '26, '27, '28; Civics Club, '27, '28; Vice-President Civics Club, '28; Editor *Dial,* '27-'28; Annual Board, '27-'28; Head Usher, '28; Assistant Business Manager ANNUAL, '27-'28.

YOU now have before you the picture of John Arthur Polhemus, the dashing caballero of Hackley School. He claims Dutch descent, but anyone can see, by a glance at that countenance so prevalent in sunny Italy, that he is trying to pull the wool over our eyes. Polly has been with the class of '28 for six long years, and still looks pretty fit in spite of his long siege. When he first came to Hackley the Senior class looked a long way off, but by dint of great effort he has finally arrived there and in his last year salted away the much desired position of tackle on the football team. As manager of basketball, this energetic youth produced one of the best schedules the team has ever run through, but at the same time was rather lax when it came to handing out the chewing gum. So far Polly has overcome the art of learning with a steady determination that will win him credit in whatever he undertakes. Although a trifle backward in complete comprehension of all things, he ploughs majestically on and is sure to come out on top and surmount all obstacles. Besides possessing a strong will, an unblemished reputation, and a gold cigarette-case, Arthur is among the most popular fellows in school, and you will be sure to find him a loyal and steadfast companion should you ever make his acquaintance. May he take with him to Yale the best of luck and best wishes from the Senior class for his future years.

WORST NUISANCE



WILLIAM ARTHUR SMITH

"Smitty"

NEW YORK CITY

Raymond: Club Football, '25, '26, '27; Club Basketball, '26, '27, '28; Club Baseball, '26, '27, '28; Manager Track, '28; Choir, '27, '28; Dramatic Club, '28; Stage Crew, '28; Civics Club, '27-'28; Dial Board, '27-'28; Annual Board, '27-'28.

NO, you are not mistaken in the least. On the left hand page you behold the bovine countenance of one, William A. Smith, a mighty man among the cigarette merchants and hot dog peddlers of North Tarrytown. If you don't believe us, all you have to do is toddle right down to the Senior Smoking room some evening, and let your orbs play upon this eighth wonder of the modern and ancient worlds. But all kidding aside for the present; Smitty, although our boy prodigy in Math classes, chortles about the football field and basketball court, besides managing our would-be track team. Yes, sir, Bill is a mean chorister, and a nymph-like dancer—witness the Senior entertainment. How he does it nobody knows and nobody will ever know, if he keeps on as he is now.

However, the thing that we are unable to understand is how he gets away with everything. Never permitting himself to do a stroke of work, insisting upon breaking all the rules, he is a deep, dark mystery to the whole class—including Mr. Brockett. Was it the trip to Denmark last summer, or was it the trip home this spring term? Still who cares, 'cause Willy is a darn good guy, and even though he has picked Columbia as his college, we like him just the same, and send him out of our midst with a hearty farewell.

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED—MOST CYNICAL

SAMUEL CLARENCE STEELE, JR.

"Sam" *"Stein"*

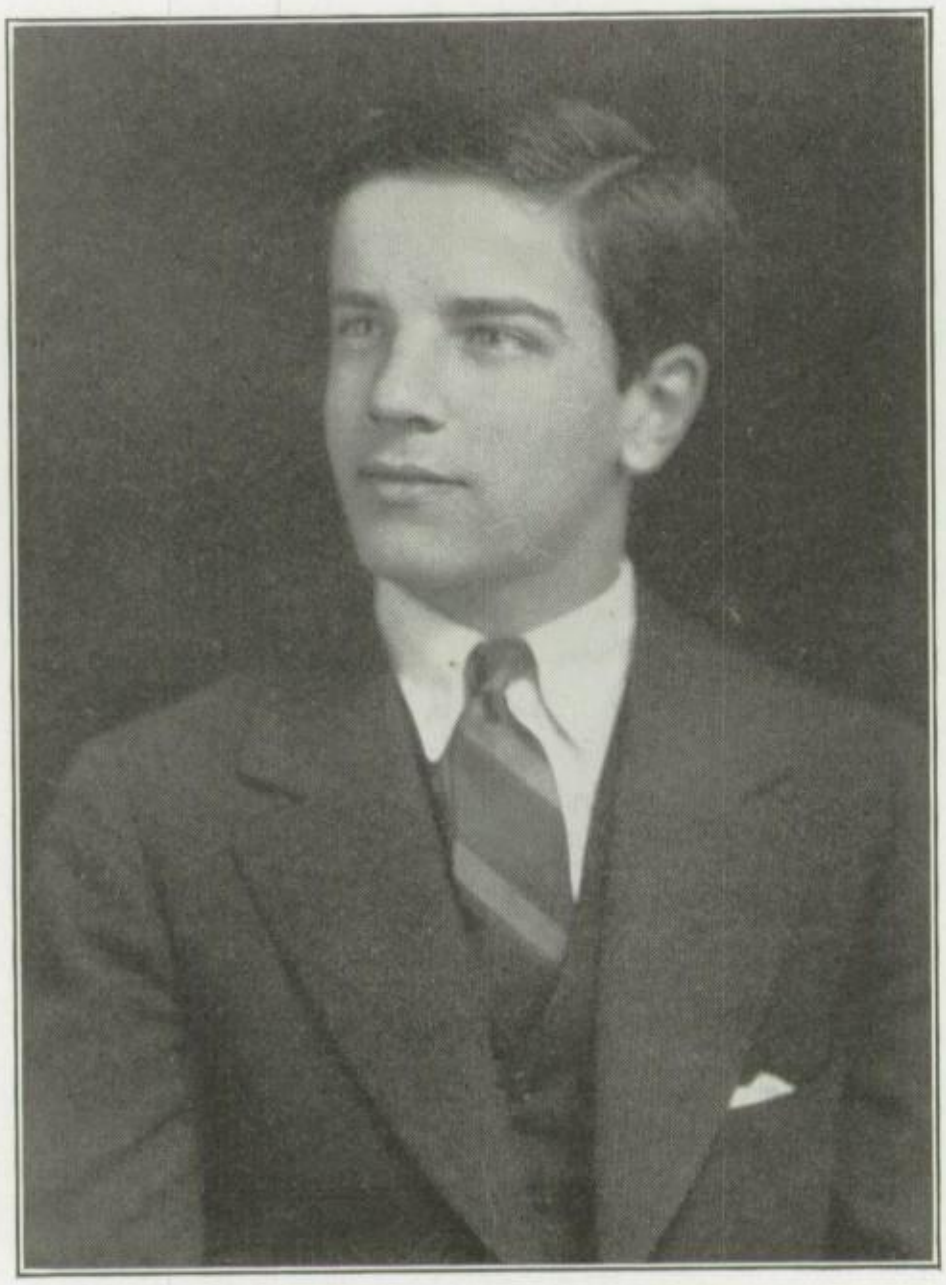
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Goodhue: Club Football, '25, '26; Club Basketball, '25, '26; Track Team, '27, Captain, '28; Civics Club, '27, '28; Darkening Committee, '26, '27; Dance Committee, '27-'28; President Goodhue Club, '27-'28; Vice-President, H. A. A., '27-'28; Vice-President Class, '27-'28; Varsity Football Manager, '27; Dial Board, '27-'28; Business Manager ANNUAL, '27-'28.

A STREAM of critical abuse, a jumbled mouthing of cynicisms, and Samuel C. Steele, Jr., slouches back from his visit to the "Doctor's" in Yonkers. No kidding, Sam may have earned himself the title of the "Most Cynical Fellow in the Class," but we know that deep down inside he is a pure blue blood. Outside of managing the football team, being captain and stellar half-miler of the track team, and looking after the financial end of this volume, "Steele-stein" has had more leisure than anyone in the class. However, he doesn't spend it taking pictures or talking about Manhattan, like most fellows from good old Rochester. Although Sam is very quiet and self-contained, as our class Vice-President and Goodhue Club President should be, he bursts out frequently into most unseemly tirades upon fashion and convention in modern youth—witness his boy-friend, "Pop."

Sam is a little fellow in body, but not in mind. If you are curious as to his heredity, you may find out all about it by looking in the records of the S. P. C. A. Please don't take this seriously, because we are poking fun, and we don't wish to give you any bad impressions. Oh, yes, speaking of impressions, we wonder if we will ever see Sam's sister. All we can gather is that she resides near here—a recluse, at least, she goes to The Masters School at Dobbs Ferry. We have heard so much about the school, helped "Stein" sneak out to go there so often, that we are getting worried—enough of these cracks. Sam is headed for good old Harvard, (once upon a time it was a college), where they breed professional bull-throwers. No doubt he will have an easy time of it, for we could send no better classmate, friend and all-around fellow than this "little guy" from up-state.

BEST STUDENT—MOST CHILDISH



RICHARD FRANCHOT WARNER, JR.

"Dick" *"Wauner"*

SHORT HILLS, N. J.

Goodhue: Club Football, '24, '25, '26, '27; Club Basketball, '25, '26, '27, '28; Club Soccer, '25, '26, '27; Club Baseball, '25, '26, '27, '28; Stage Crew, '26, '27, '28; Civics Club, '27, '28; Charter Secretary and Treasurer, '27; Dramatic Club, '26; Dial Board, '28; Hackley Board, '27-'28.

FROM the time that Hackley was first honored by the omnipotent presence of Richard Franchot Warner, Jr., that worthy has maintained the leading average in the class of '28. Although his everyday actions would not and do not show it, Richard is really quite learned and incredibly wise in respect to studies. As his rapid growth has rendered him a little awkward, and his natural shyness kept him aloof from the few social gatherings of which the school boasts, Dick does not participate to any appreciable extent in the physical activities of the school. Howsomever, our erudite student quickly banishes this trifling defect by his uncanny ability along literary lines. For some time the school paper and magazine have recognized in him one of the budding authors of the day, and the pages of both have seen many of his blameless works. Like his room-mate, "Si" Crane, Dick turns out reams of intellectual thoughts and imaginative phrases at a moment's notice. His spontaniety in this respect is astounding, and comes in very handy when the literary circles of Hackley lack inspiration. Richard aspires to be a carpenter, having built his family a house last summer on the paltry wages of $2.00 per day. To be sure, the lad has turned out many steam-engines and such by the sweat of his brow and the skill of his hands, but then, after all, we would rather see him turn his qualifications to the art of learning, and its sundry by-products. In thus doing, we feel sure, our ambitious and long-enduring friend will gain for himself a highly-respected place in the world. Wishing "Dicky" successful and plentiful years, we send him on his way to Williams, to cram more knowledge into a head already filled to capacity.

WILL MARRY FIRST—BEST NATURED

JAMES MOHR DOUGLASS WORRALL

"Jim" *"Benson"*

CHESTNUT HILL, PA.

Raymond: Varsity Football, '26, '27; Soccer Team, '27; Basketball Team, '27, '28, Captain, '28; Track Team, '27, '28; Civics Club, '26, '27, '28, Charter Vice-President, '26; Vice-President Raymonds, '27-'28.

WELL, well, the only one in captivity. Mr. James M. D. Worrall, alias "Jimmy Dale," is the young man on the opposite page. Aside from the fact that he has posed for Pepsodent "Ads," this portrait is by all means a very flattering piece of work. Possessing an extremely heavy beard, a long list of phone numbers, and an insatiable desire for "Luckies," this odd figure troops about the classrooms each day, trying to subdue all the masters in turn. It is a very bellicose attitude, but when one wears spectacles, reads "The Story of Philosophy," and kids the bids, one is apt to be picked upon.

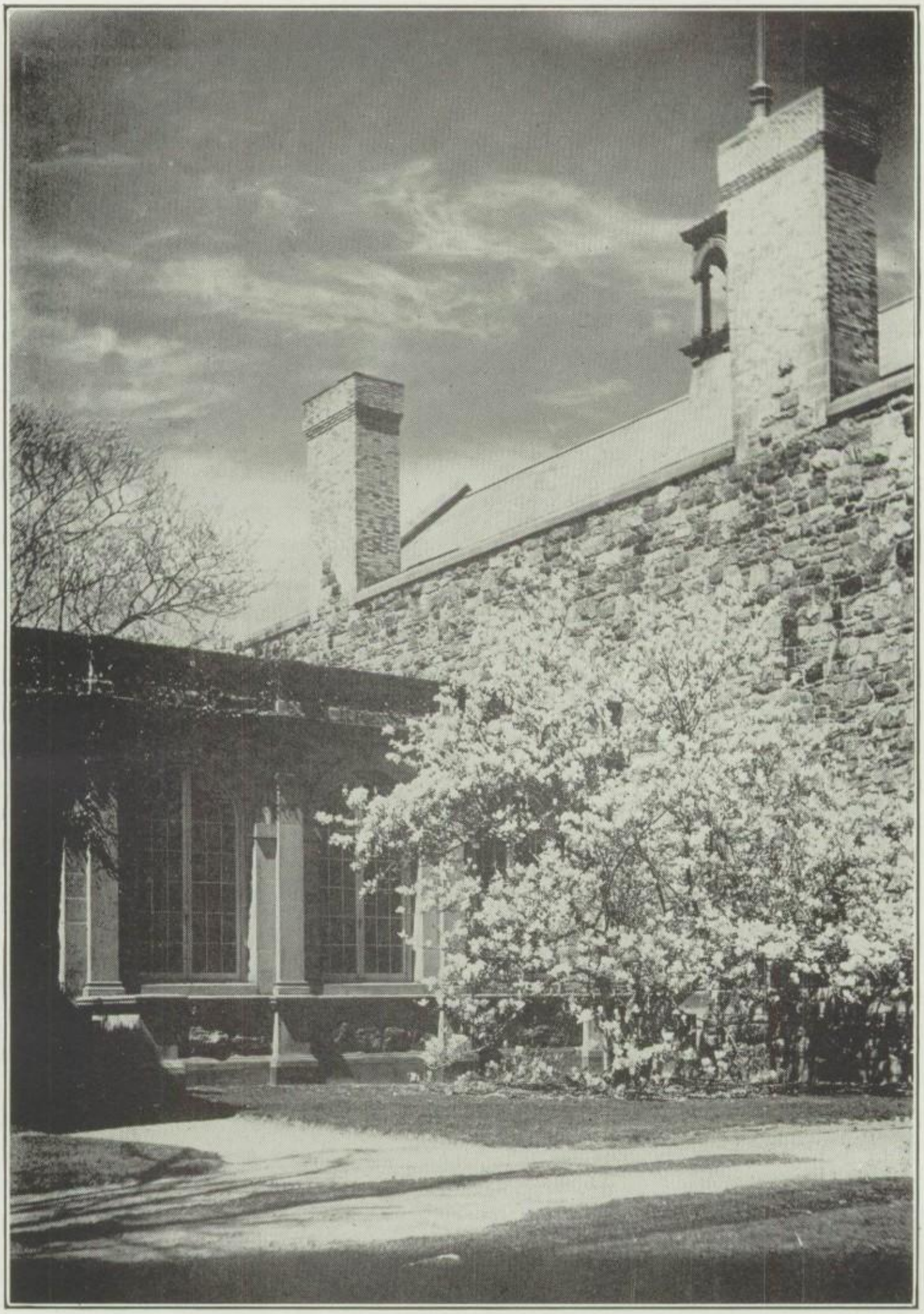
Although "Jim" is another one of Philadelphia's ten thousand, and is indirectly associated with the failure of the Sesquicentennial, he is captain of the basketball team, a football player, and a track sprite. Besides these achievements he has acquired more college board credits than anyone in the class, has been an active member of the Civics Club (Charter Vice-President), and has just learned how to skip over to White Plains, buy himself the "?," and trot right back without saying one word pro or con. No doubt he could say plenty, but the combination of the Third Avenue Railway System, the long hill up to school, and the sight of "Pop" is enough to silence him forever. "Jim" only came to us last year, but he has made such a favorable impression upon our entire personnel that we sincerely wish him the best of everything as he starts upon his college career at Yale.

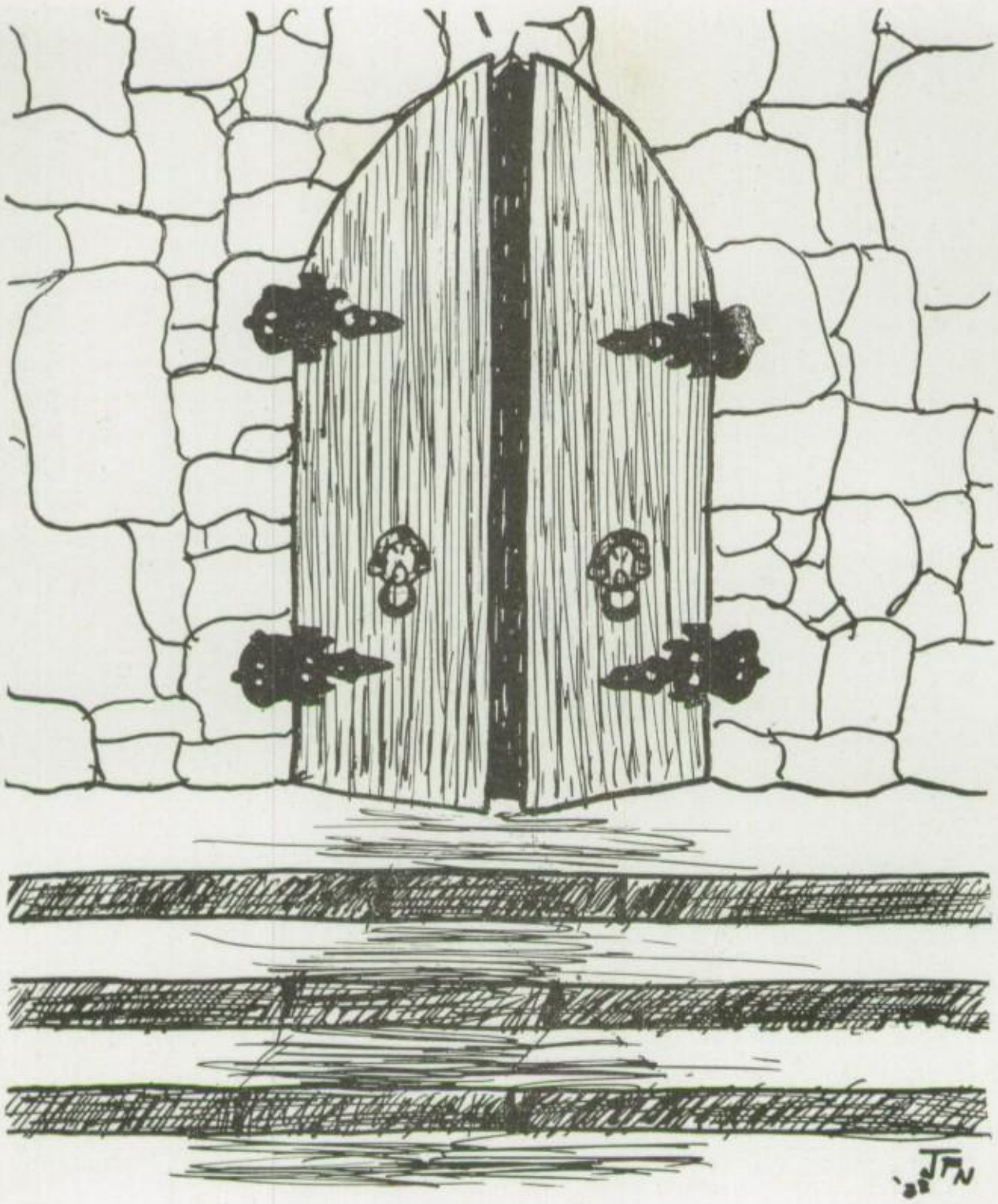
You See, It Was This Way—

The caravAN DREW Slowly nearer to the oasis. HERR MANN on his droMEDARY was felling ill. HOW ARDous the journey seemed,—the long march across the GRAY sand, unrelieved by green FORREST or crimson-BERRIed bushes, that sighed with a soft whisPERRY sound beneath the camels' hoofs.—If he could only keep his pet parrot alive! "Poor POL, HE MUSt be thirsty," he thought. Then, turning to the Arab boy at his side,—"Give him a PEAR, SON," he suggested, "the juice may revive him." But the NOBLE lad was sunk IN SLEEp, though it was the hour when a Moslem should have been at worSHIP. PEEvishly Mann turned away.

At any moment now the Bedouins might declare war. WAR! NERvously he CRANEd his neck about and searched the horizon. He STEELEd his heart. His attendants were cowards, had remained loyal so far only because of his constant and vigilant PROCTORship. Should he scatter the beggarly creW OR RALLy them to his support? A shot rang out, dashing his reflections to SMITHereens. The Arabs dashed to shelter, some to hide behind the camels but mOST RAN, DERvish-like, toward the oasis where Mann glimpsed, in spite of the sudden baBEL, FIELDs of green shadowed by towering palms.

BINOMIAL.





Class Prophery

Through the Ages

Act I.

[The scene is just inside the Pearly Gates. St. Peter is sitting on a cloud, with his head against the gatepost, staring reflectively toward the planet Earth, shaking his head from time to time. Sitting near him, with his halo laid carefully beside him, is a benign old gentleman whom we recognize at once as the omnipotent King of Hackley. (We take his presence for granted. Ed.) Nearby, on a golden tabouret, can be seen Gabriel's trumpet and St. Peter's great book, which he has neglected for the moment and which is open to the year 1960 A. D.]

St. Peter (*with a meditative pull at his beard*): It is a long time since I have heard the usual complaints from earth about that well-known class of '28, with which you had so much trouble.

King: No real trouble at all, my dear Peter. In fact, that class is, or was, the most versatile, at the same time one of the best, in their own opinion and in mine, that ever left the threshold of Hackley to take up such universally successful careers in later life.

St. Peter: So! And how are these extraordinary men making out now, and what are they doing in the world?

King: If it is possible for me to receive absolution beforehand, I intend, tomorrow, to be present at the Alumni Reunion which is being held at the school, and hear again what they have made of themselves.

(*At this moment an angel rushes in.*)

Angel: Shut those gates, in the name of heaven, and by the express orders of the Council of Souls!

St. Peter and King (*simultaneously*): What's the rush?

Angel: The celestial Assizes are being interrupted by that infernal bellowing, and Gabriel commands that the gates be closed at once.

St. Peter: Perhaps you are right. I hadn't thought anything of it until you mentioned it. Where is the noise from?

Angel: From a place called Tarrytown, your Honor. It seems that there is some sort of school-boy reunion going on there. *(St. Peter says nothing, but looks at the King, who for some reason is having trouble with his sandal.)*

KING (*awkwardly*): I guess the boys are arriving at school. They always are full of good spirits, you know. (*St. Peter still says nothing, being engaged in questioning a soul recently arrived from the Anti-Saloon League headquarters.*)

ANGEL: Pardon me, Sir, but . . .

ST. PETER: Well, what is it?

ANGEL: One of the masters of Hackley has been killed, and if it would not be too much trouble, do you suppose you could bar the heavenly portals? Just to prevent embarassment, you know. (*To King.*) You know how it is, Sir.

CURTAIN

ACT 2.

(*The Alumni Room as it appears in the imagination of any member of the class of '28. There are a few evidences of moral decadence scattered about the floor, but the general effect and the postures of the various members of the class, as seen by the King from his perch in the fire-place, appears at least acceptable.*)

SHIPPEE: Well, boys, here we are at dear old Hackley, worse luck. But we are all so glad to get back, aren't we?

GENERAL CHORUS: Oh, yes! We could hardly wait.

WORRALL: Well, folks, now that I am managing Special-Delivery Shippee, the author-prize-fighter . . .

ALEX CRANE: I object to that statement. I am the author and poet of this class, and I want you to know it! (*ash tray narrowly misses Big Al's head*).

STEELE (*with an important gesture*): Come, now, no rough-housing. In my career as a doctor I have found that exuberant spirits often lead to over-indulgence of the sciatica membra. Really I am quite distressed, and I wish you would respect my superior intelligence.

GRAY (*violently*): I object. My more extensive experience in the medical profession, to say nothing of my crooked characteristics, have shown that . . .

MEDARY: Keep quiet, children. Being professional loafers, Pearson and I can assure you that there is nothing to be gained in arousing oneself unnecessarily. Right, Mac?

PEARSON: Absolutely, Million Bucks, my boy. Follow my example, everyone and you will never need to worry about the cost of aqua alcohola. Have you got a hammer, Si? I've got a nail in my shoe.

SI CRANE: Very sorry, old man, but although a member of Smith, Proctor & Crane, Inc., bridge building, etc., I cannot undertake to carry the tools of my profession about with me, you know. Ask Belfield, he knows all about shoes.

BELFIELD: My lasts, and mine only, are guaranteed to last. They are made by Steigerwalt, and . . .

WARNER: That's beside the point. Here's a hammer, Mac. Though I'm a mere carpenter, I can't afford to be without the proper accessories, you know.

(*At this juncture a car comes to a violent stop on the quad. All rush to the windows.*)

HERRMANN: Ah! My baseball team has arrived at last. I certainly have found a pennant winning outfit this year. Forrest and Inslee, two of the smoothest infielders this side of the Rio, play on my team, you know. I manage the A's.

NOBLE: Speaking as an interior decorator and with an eye for color, I think that taxi should be purple. Isn't that Page down there?

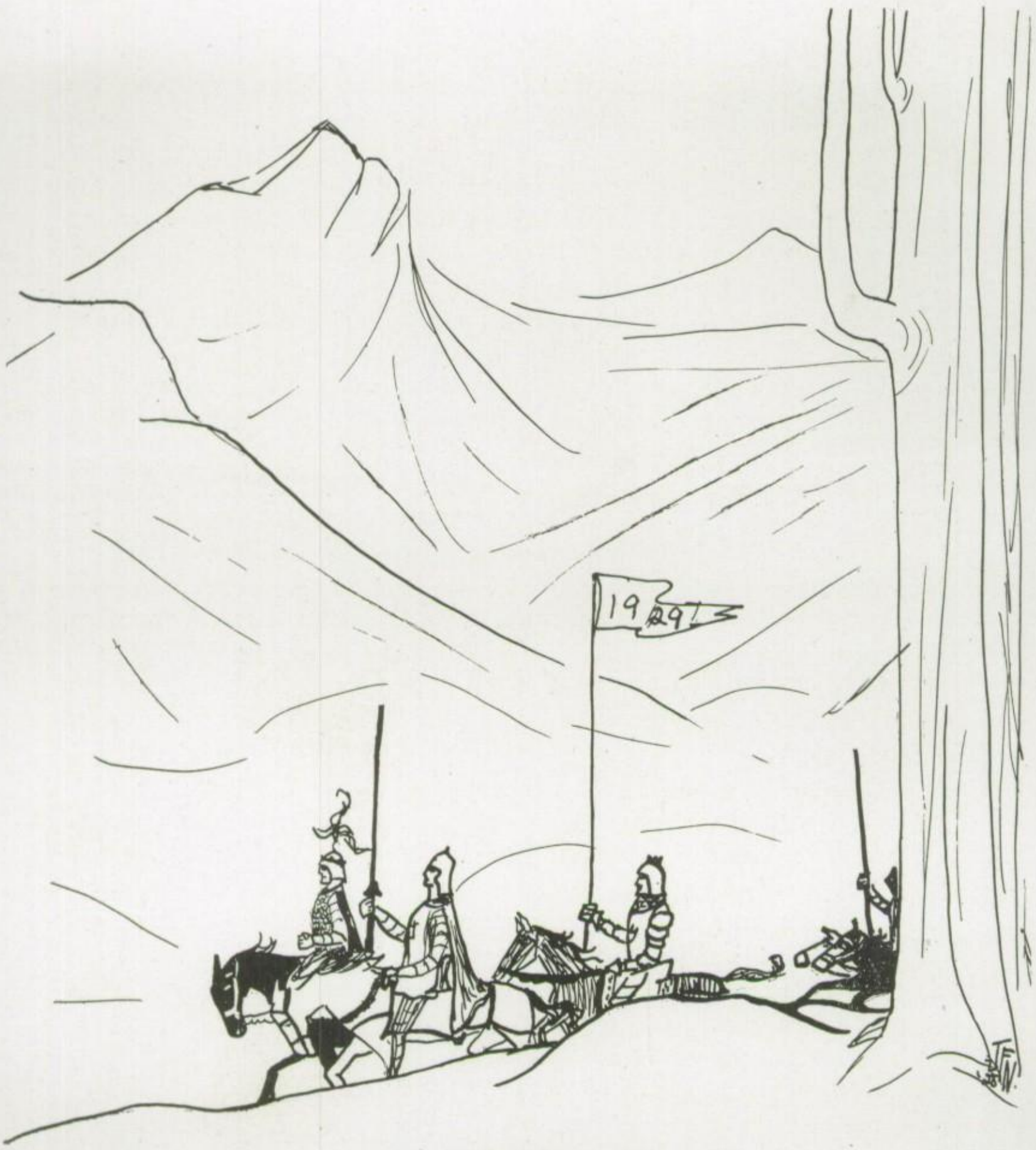
BERRI: Yes, he drives a taxi now, didn't you know?

OSTRANDER: Why, hello, Bill, where did you come from?

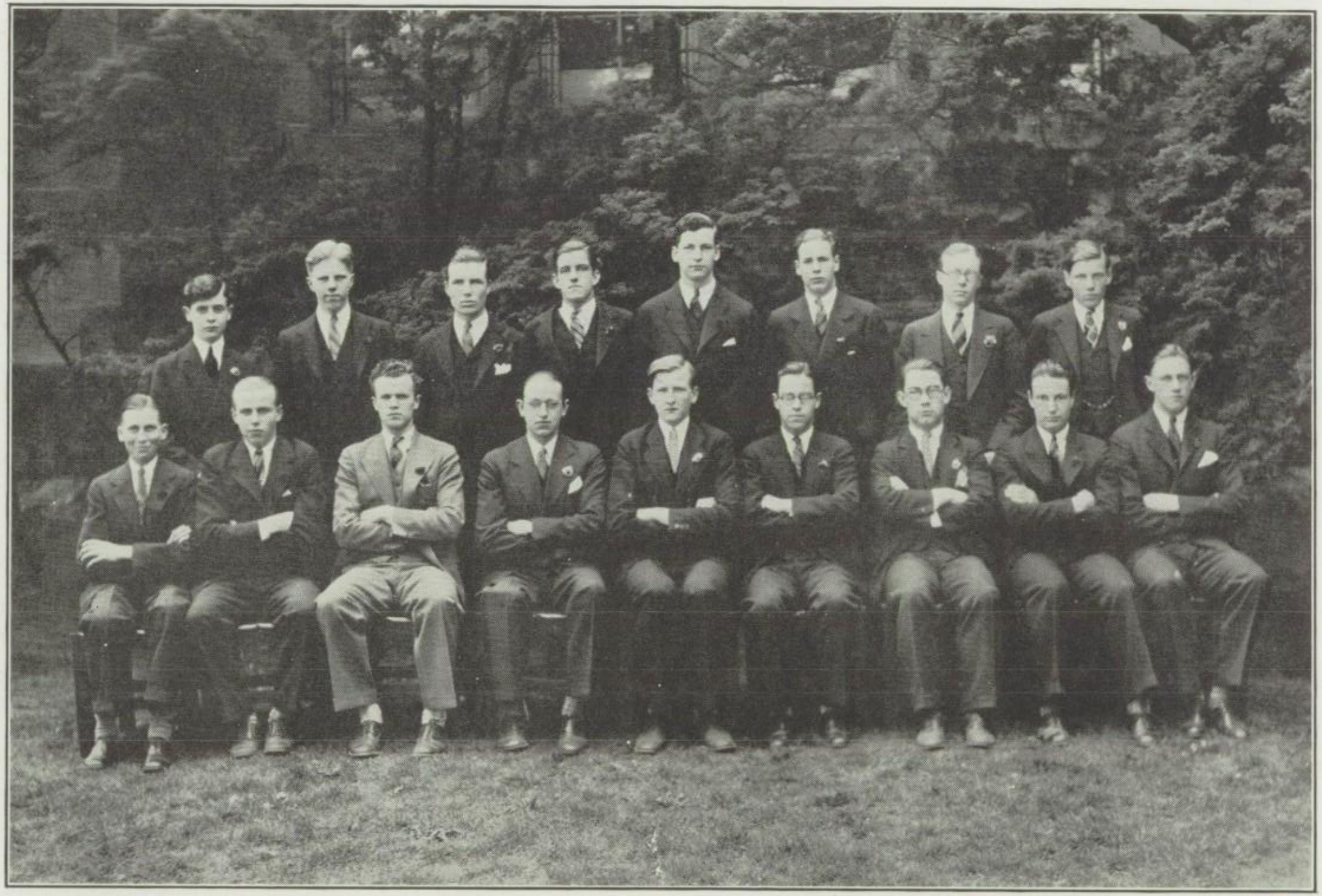
BERRI: Being Ambassador to England, you should know that I've been in London, looking after the interests of my newspaper. You see I'm supporting Polhemus and Perry in their fight for the political leadership of the world. (*The door opens.*)

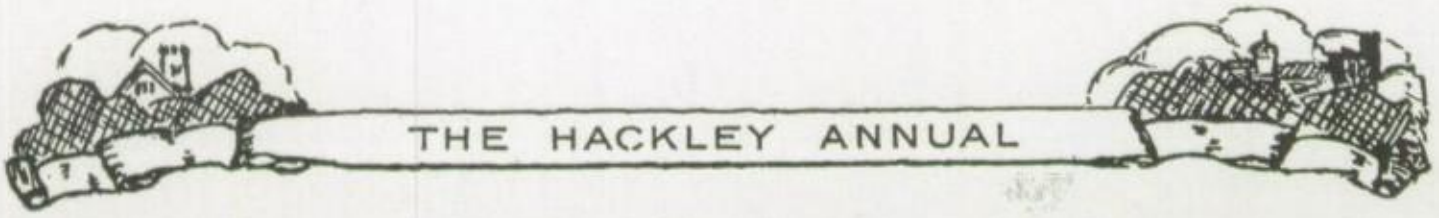
CHORUS: Well, if it isn't Andrews. Let's hear your latest popular song, Bill.

(*At this moment a bell rings, and the entire class rushes, by ancient habit, to the mail room.*)



Juniors





DOWN the hall of Time, following closely on the heels of the Class of 1928, and marching with a step that is destined to echo through the corridors of Hackley far into the future, comes the Class of 1929. Through the preceding years our ranks have increased and decreased, have improved and slumped. And now, at last, as we approach the Gateway of Graduation, we line up for inspection and ask merely for a sympathetic eye.

No one is better fitted to come first than our illustrious President, Schuyler C. Schenck, IV. He is one of the few living geniuses who can read "College Humor" and study at one and the same time; yet he is always among the leaders of the "Ten Highest." As a diplomat he is second to none; in fact, he is the only person who can keep order in the class and maintain his dignity. And if you pick up the Dial you will notice that he is one of the editors, and the chances are ten to one that he wrote at least two of the articles on the front page. He plays a mean uke and furnishes harmony to any song you can name. He is also the best-dressed boy in the class; his collection of bright-hued haberdashery is one of the six wonders of the school. He is always faultlessly attired regardless of the occasion, and with it he has an air of sophistication which many of us wish we might possess. The honors which he holds, both scholastic and social, are borne with a modesty which has made him one of the most popular boys in the school.

Our Vice-President, The Great Albert Timothy Day, should come near the top of the list, for it is he who upholds the class honor in athletics. Very few noticed the tall quiet boy, who first came into our midst three years ago, until one afternoon in the gym he showed a couple of "Pop" Lindsay's high-jumpers how it really should be done. Since that time "A. T." has been one of the main supports of our long-undefeated Track Team, and has acquired several medals for breaking school records; he has known the applause which always greets his spectacular wide end runs; he has helped Mr. George Parker Howard in his efforts for a good Hockey Team; and he has made us all quite envious of his success with the fair sex, who, it seems, like big, strong athletes. But we bear him no ill will, and some day when we hear of his being All-American or breaking the world's record for the high-jump or the

quarter, we shall say proudly to the insignificant humans about us: "Why, I know that fellow. In fact, he was in my class at school."

It is just as well that Lewis Ebling comes next to "A. T." alphabetically, for it is almost impossible to separate them. "Louie" has enviable athletic honors in his own name; we shan't soon forget the way he played in the Pawling football game, to say nothing of his baseball and basketball ability. "Lu" has introduced a new sport into the school: Ping pong, in which, by virtue of his great strength, he is quite proficient. Then, too, if you would like to have a look at the latest photo of your pet movie actress, you have but to drop in "Louie's" room and look on the back of the door; for there are all the stars of the firmament whose pictures have been cut from the numerous movie magazines which always fill his room. However, we suspect that "Lu's" attitude toward the female sex is more personal than one of entire worship.

We don't see Clarence Baker very often. Being a day-boy, he is with us only for classes when, of course, everyone is asleep. Even then, he is rather quiet. But actions speak louder than words, and after seeing him beat the wind and all the Pawling and Hackley half-milers last spring, we are quite sure that he could be a member of no class but that of 1929. We hope that Clarence's transfer from Scarborough was as fortunate for him as it was for us, and hope that next year he will stay at Hackley and get acquainted.

Back in the dim dark days when we were lowly first classmen, Malcolm Mitchell joined our brigade as a day-boy. But since that time "Mal" has apparently decided that he likes us well enough to come up and stay for a while, and has taken up his abode in one of the corridors of Hackley. "Mitch" has always figured athletically on the various club teams and more or less incorrectly in "Pop" Lindsay's algebra classes. However, we think that the ability to make friends is much more important than the ability to solve a problem, and "Mal" has learned the former without a doubt. We don't know how he does it unless it is by just being himself.

"What's the matter with you, anyway? Haven't you read anything? Haven't you any background?"—and down the corridor it is known that "Tom" Nelles is having his daily chat with Mr.

A. T. Cook. Forgiving this glaring deficiency (we think "A. T." likes him, anyway) the Class of 1929 welcomes "Tin" into its midst. A newcomer to our ranks, one of the Toledo delegation, (great shouts from Barnes and Schenck), "Tom" made himself known shortly after his arrival no less for his genial personality than for his athletic ability. Every sport so far has numbered our future Soccer captain on its team, including, it is rumored, some of the more indiscreet pastimes. Try "asphixiated" and "Synthesis," "Tom," old boy.

"Who is leading the 'Ten Highest' this time?" a cry comes down the corridor. "That's a foolish question. Who else would it be except 'Willie'?" Yes, W. Hartwell Ludlow is the bright boy of the class. Whenever any disparaging comment is made regarding our class standing, "Wim" is always pointed out as the one redeeming feature of our scatter-brained cohort. But don't get the impression that "Hartwell" is a grind. Far from it; sounds of "Two hearts" and "Leggo my leg," can be heard issuing from Room 105 nearly any time that "Pop" isn't around. After his taking the Latin prize last year we expect him to receive a Phi Beta Kappa from Princeton, which will give the future students of Hackley a holiday. We are trying to have the holiday now when we can appreciate it; but, while not doubting "Willie's" ability, there are some in the Faculty who do not think it a very practical idea.

What ho! John Potter. John used to be a member of the present Senior Class, but, finding our company more to his liking, John resigned and came back with us. Although John is a day-boy, he stays around long enough to help manage football, to play on the various Goodhue teams, and, on Thursdays, to add his bit to the Civics Club discussions. In fact, he is a member of that famous debating team of Potter and Schenck, whose victory, several months back over two gifted Seniors, has been talked of in every corner of the land. Yet John carries all his honors modestly and quietly, and continues on his way his same likeable self.

We hardly like to mention Clinton A. Swezey's name in our Class list; for he is the black sheep of our herd. Wherever there is any trouble you may be sure that Clinton is in it. And as for

going out nights—why, we can't understand when he sleeps, unless it is during classes which would, of course, account for his inability to learn anything. It is really quite discouraging; such a person can do so much to hurt a class reputation. Tch . . . tch . . . tch—but lest our sarcasm be misunderstood, let us say that Clinton although he has but lately come to us, has never offended the code of propriety nor fallen below a very high standard of scholarship. And, if we didn't have a few such fellows to hide behind, the shameless and illiterate standing of our majority would soon become quite evident. We thank you, Clinton.

Almost inseparable from the gentleman below is Edmund W. Kittredge. We think "Kitty" will graduate, even though he is travelling in demoralizing company. In spite of his size, "Kitty" is a valuable asset to the Raymond football team, and now he is showing Mr. Butler just how basketball should be played. One of his greatest services to the class is that he is constantly chiding "Wim" Ludlow for his poor scholastic standing; we think that at last it is doing some good and perhaps "Wim" will make an effort to pass for the year. Keep at it, "Kitty"!

"Well, let's see, I got 1597.2 feet per second. Is that right, Mr. Cook?" drawls a languid voice, and we know that "Tony" Morse is at another of his problems. "Tony" is the class scientist. For two years he has closed our windows with "Sleeper-longers," an ingenious contraption comprised of an alarm clock, temporarily disarranged, a piece of string, some hooks, and a spring; he has gotten us into trouble with telephones; he has solved all our unsolvable algebra, geometry and physics problems; and he has wandered his indolent way about school, managing here and there to collect a tennis cup, a good average, and a lot of friends. Recently he has developed a taste for tea, which is clandestinely made over a Sterno or worked out of some kind-hearted master. In spite of his lassitude and varied occupations, "Tony" is our only genius, and we expect the grandson of the inventor of the telegraph to astound the world with the solution of what to do with old Fords.

"Everyone may go except Owens and Whitney," says the King. Halliday says that he isn't any worse than anyone else, but he is more unlucky than any ten people. He can't do a thing with-

out being caught! Tales are told, however, that the innocent-looking boy with the glasses got away with enough last year to make up for any "bad luck" this year. A most unique duty of Halliday's at Saturday night movies is to see that the arc light doesn't devour the film as it often threatens to do. This winter he was quite busy carrying around hockey sticks while "Bill" Inslee, the Manager, was playing basketball. All we fervently hope is that Biden doesn't lead him astray; but perhaps the reverse is more to be feared.

"John Matlack Darlington Huey"—that's a lot of name for one person, but John bears it bravely and without complaining. Three athletic squads rejoice in his presence as does not Mr. Loftus, whose corridor he graces. It seems that John has vagrant propensities, and even when he is on the corridor, it would be better for the peace and quiet of the community if he were somewhere else. Two years ago John was one of the celebrated six who were always on the "Ten Highest." But since that time he has turned his fertile brain toward other things, so that, while he always has Room Privilege, he also knows the percentage of times you can go to the movies without being caught and just how much weight the fire-escape will hold.

There are great noises of pain coming from the internals of a weather-beaten Dodge as it makes its daily trip up the Hackley Hill, and Curtiss Howard drives on to the Quad. "Curt" is one of the few who have come to us from the ranks of the Seniors. Elected Track captain in his fourth class year, "Curt" found the dignity too overwhelming and stepped back to give the other fellow a chance. This premature honor was well deserved, as anyone who has seen "Curt" leave his rivals behind him in the last lap of the mile, will testify. Besides track, "Curt," although light for the position, has played an efficient center on the last two years' football teams; for coupled with ability, "Curt" has more school spirit than anyone in school. And we feel sure that his likeable personality will make him as popular always, as he is now on the Hilltop.

Prrr-rrr, a flash of tan and silver, a mighty Packard drawing to a halt, a soft Southern drawl, "Well, how long do yo'all think

it took us that time?"—and Stephen Andrew Lynch, Jr., has arrived. Not satisfied with the mere fifty-five his boat will do and the ninety his car will do, "Steve" yearns to conquer the realms of the air at even greater speed. "Mah Bloo-oo Heav'n-nn" floating out of a certain transom, and a fleet figure sprinting down the track are other aspects of our Southern friend—to say nothing of the Secretary and Treasurership of the Civics Club and the Business Managership of the "Dial," which, thanks to him, is drawing to the end of a successful financial year. We wonder how he finds time to study. Perhaps he doesn't, but he sure rated that ancient and honorable six, nor has he slipped much since that time. His innocent appearance is deceiving. Besides being the school's best dancer, "Steve" has a line which has made many a girl forget a great deal. And, oh! that car!

And now we come to Munro Will, an up-state representative, hailing from Rochester. It isn't hard to tell when "Mun" is in his room, for the melancholy blasts echoing from Mr. Loftus' corridor can be heard all over school. Of late, however, our thoughtful cornetist has consented to use a mute so as not to disturb Master Arthur Hague, Jr., the youngest edition to the school, age seven months. On the football field "Mun" shows us how to buck the line; and next year we expect him to use his weight and ability to rival Page's smashing runs. But our tall friend's ability is not limited to these lines; he graces the editorial board of the "Dial" with his constructive, original ideas and well-written articles. Keep at it, "Mun," we're all behind you.

"The alternate interior angles of an isosceles triangle are supplementary." "What!" Compton is a little mixed up again. He knows it perfectly well, but "Pop" always rattles him. Pleasant Compton Miller was one of the founders of our class, and has for five years wandered his quiet way about school, his head a little on one side, bothering no one. Yet we should miss him very much, if he were to leave us. He is one of those nice, stable, average people who do so much to make up the backbone of a class, not brilliant, not spectacular, but quiet, steady, efficient and likeable.

Oh! these boys from Rochester! There are always at least two of their number here at Hackley to represent the old town.

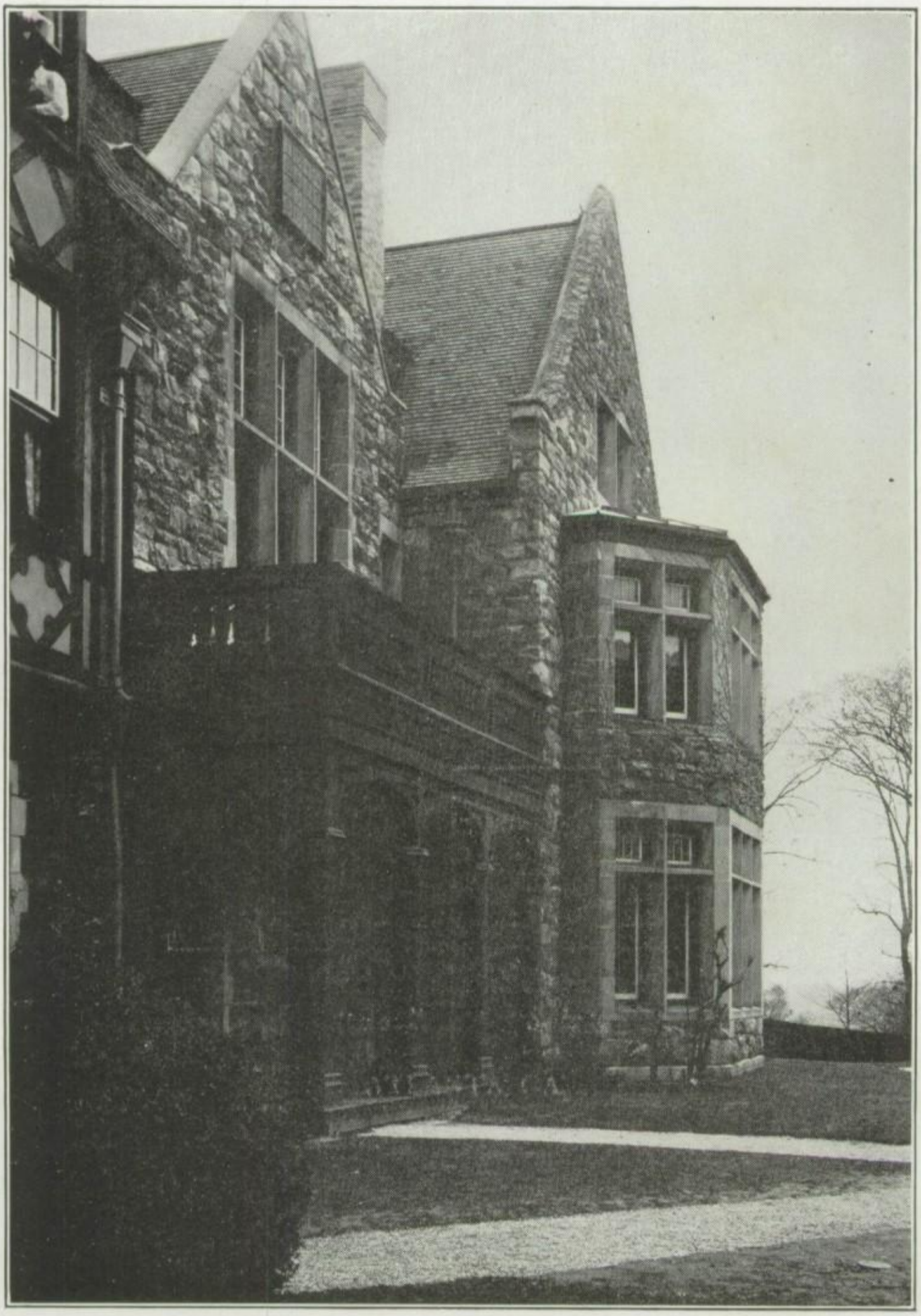
And, if Biden Whitney is any true representative, Rochester must be some place. The mail man has to run a special truck up about every other day to bring all of "Bi's" mail. "Bidien" is Halliday Owens' co-partner in crime. Whether it is talking in Study Hall or being caught in White Plains without permission, if you see one of these boys, you can count it a sure thing that the other is there, too. We hope that the responsibility of being Seniors and setting a good example for the rest of the school will guide these two incorrigibles in the paths of righteousness.

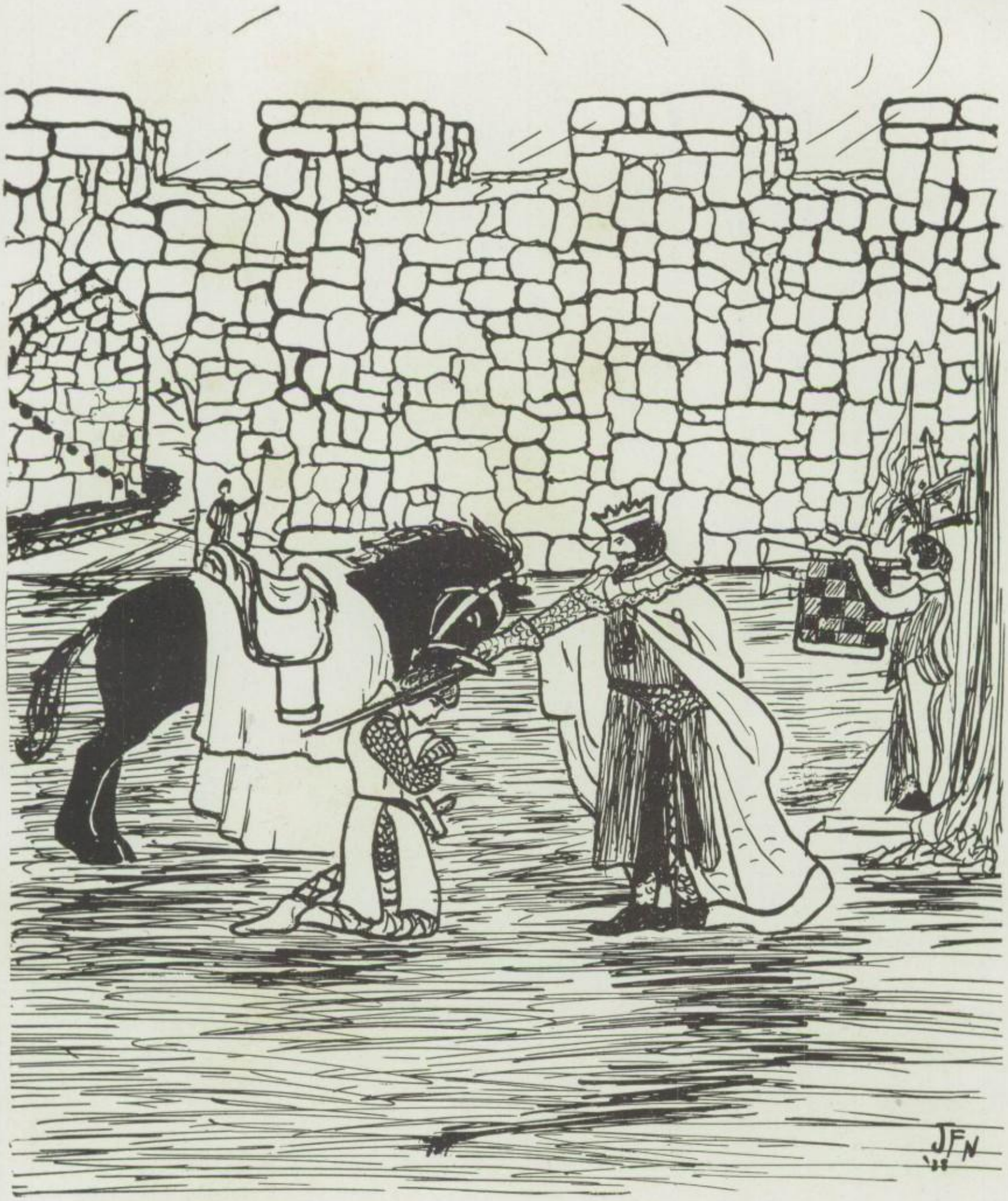
Baldwin Vose is the Class manager. All the difficult and troublesome jobs are intrusted to him. Football this year was guided by him. At present he is Secretary and Treasurer of the Class. He will have charge of the "Dial's" financial career in 1929. "Baldy" used to be in the present Senior Class; but as he is in the habit of taking vacations, now and then, which means work to be made up, he dropped back a year to avoid that difficulty. We are not sorry that he cast his lot in with us. His practical suggestions have more than once stood us in good stead in time of need. It also means that "Baldy's" base voice will continue to ring out loud and clear from the choir loft for one more year. His valuable deeds are many, but it is not for what he does, but for what he is that we like him.

Conclusion

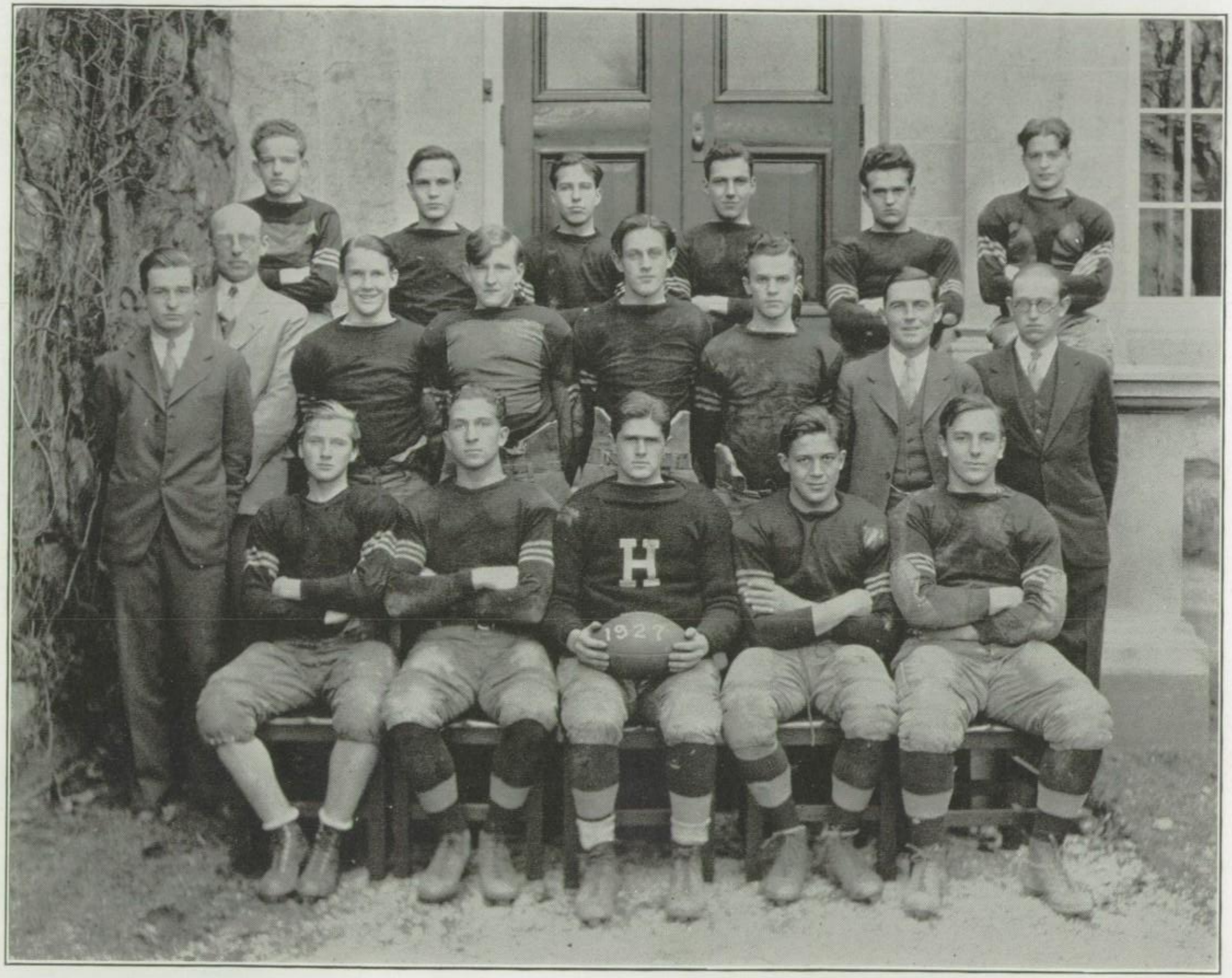
It is fitting that at the end of this parade we should remember those who started in the march, but for one reason or other have left us for other camps. One of our greatest losses was caused by the departure of "Chuck" Dresser. Our former Secretary and Treasurer had been with us from our second class year. "Chuck" never said much, but those who knew him found him to be a wonderful chap whose friendship was well worth the trouble of penetrating his outward coolness. "Chuck's" friend, "Bob" Carson, had been at Hackley only three months when he left. Yet in that short time we learned enough about "Bob" to regret sincerely the loss of a clever and amusing friend. "Bill" Murlin is missed no less by the whole class than by that small clique of Rochester boys who were his intimate friends. We are most sorry that he could not see his

way to finishing out the trip with us. In concluding, we strike a still more serious note. It is with deep, deep, regret and with tears in our eyes that we think of Charles "Bucket" French. Once the most loyal of us all, the noblest of our number, the finest of our class, this hero has so degraded himself as to pass from the Class of 1929 into that of 1930. Words are powerless to express the depth of our emotion. But man and time are fickle, and we are doing our best to get along without him.





Athletics


H
1927

Football, 1927-1928

IN the seclusion of the library, Mr. Butler, head coach of football, and his assistant, Mr. Lindsay, could be seen talking earnestly together. Thinking it would be worth while to listen, I strolled in, lolling around in the further end.

"Well, Pop," said Mr. Butler, we did fairly well this season, considering the green material of our backfield."

"Yes, Ted, if our backs had measured up to the standard of our veteran line, this surely would have been a banner year in the football history of Hackley."

For awhile their voices were hardly audible, though I managed to gather an unbiased account of the games which went as follows.

Against Mamaroneck, the first game of the year, the big, black team easily ran ragged through the lighter orange line. Despite the fumbling, however, the game ended with the score of Hackley 13 and Mamaroneck High School 0.

Our next game was with Riverdale, whom we defeated by a very close score for the first time in three years. Although the score was 6 to 0 in favor of Hackley, our team held the upper hand throughout the game. Again the fumbling of our green backs repeatedly kept us from scoring.

The following week, after a wearisome journey to Garden City, we were defeated 13 to 0 by the faster St. Paul's eleven. Two or three times during the game Hackley woke up long enough to threaten her opponent's goal with sweeping end runs, but the attack all too suddenly died out.

On the ensuing Saturday, the team journeyed to Boston, easily defeating the Newton Country Day eleven 34 to 7, who at that time were expected to have the championship team among all the schools around Boston. In the first few minutes of the game it seemed as though the home team was living up to its reputation, for after we had scored a touchdown at the start, it turned around, retaliating with seven points in a very few moments. However, due to the brilliant running of Ebling and Day, we easily romped around their ends for several more touchdowns in the remaining

periods of the game. During the second half our team reached the highest point in its football career.

A week later we took our only trouncing of the year from a heavier and more experienced Pawling team. Our eleven was off form, which surely must have had something to do with the 48 to 0 defeat, suffered at the hands of these strong opponents. Also the team was without the services of Day and Pearson, both of whom were out on account of injuries.

The following week our main rival, Morristown, defeated us in a vary hard fought game by the score of 16 to 0. However, although we outrushed and outplayed our opponents in almost every department of the game, we were unable to stop their passing or control our own, a fact which netted them 14 points. The other 2 points they obtained by scoring a safety against us. Due to the efforts of Day and Page we often threatened their goal, but it was all to no avail. Capt. Shippee, as usual, displayed an exceptional brand of football, while Forrest, playing his first game at end for Hackley, drew in the powerful Morristown backs time after time.

Suddenly the voices of the two coaches became distinct again and I heard Mr. Butler say:

"I think Inslee and Forrest, our quarterbacks, played a very noteworthy brand of football."

"Gray and Andrews, although a little light, also played a plucky game," muttered Pop, thoughtfully.

"Yes, they were fair and so was Page, our fullback and one-time tackle. It didn't take him long to learn how to plug the line, though I thought at first he would be impossible," rejoined Mr. Butler in a tone of satisfaction.

"You also had quite a combination in Ebling and Day this year, Ted," said Pop.

"Yes, I guess that's true, and I'm glad they will be with us next year, because, with a little more experience, they will become a wonderful pair."

"I think Worrall and Medary, although they were not stars, showed plenty of ability to stop the opposing ends from making many gains around the flanks of our line," muttered Pop.

"Yes, the ends were fair, but they should have been a little bit faster," replied Mr. Butler.

"I guess you'll agree with me that Howard held down his position well at center," said Pop.

"Indeed he did, but I think that when Belfield was shifted from tackle to his position as roving center, the line appeared stronger," replied the head coach.

"Of course Belfield outweighed Howard. Consequently, more should be expected from him."

"What did you think of Polhemus and Herrmann, our alternating left tackles?" said Mr. Butler, thoughtfully.

"They played hard football, although at times their opponents very much their superiors in weight and speed," he replied, after a moment's reflection.

"Pearson, I think, without a doubt, was our flashiest player, but at that he showed top form only in fits and starts," said Mr. Butler.

"Shippee, our captain, was undoubtedly the steadiest player in the line, don't you agree with me Ted?"

"Yes, Shippee——"

All at once their voices were cut off by the rattling of the doorknob. Slowly the door opened, revealing the huge form of Shippee himself.

"Hello there, coaches," boomed Shippee, the team has just asked me to extend their congratulations to you both for our successful season. We certainly appreciate your help and encouragement in pulling us through," said Bob, holding out his hand to both the men.

At this point I stole unmolested from the room, well satisfied, however, with the information I had gained.

Schedule

Oct. 1—At Tarrytown	Mamaroneck	0	Hackley	13
Oct. 8—At Tarrytown	Riverdale	0	Hackley	6
Oct. 15—At Garden City	St. Paul's	14	Hackley	0
Oct. 22—At Newton	Country Day	7	Hackley	34
Oct. 29—At Tarrytown	Mohegan Lake	0	Hackley	33
Nov. 5—At Pawling	Pawling	48	Hackley	0
Nov. 11—At Tarrytown	Morristown	16	Hackley	0
Total	Opponents	85	Hackley	86

Letter Men

	Age	Weight	Height	Pos.
Shippee (capt.)	17	198	5:10	L. G.
Belfield	18	180	5:11	R. T.
Herrmann	17	176	5:10	L. T.
Pearson	17	208	6:00	R. G.
Polhemus	17	160	5:09	L. T.
Howard	17	150	6:00	C.
Worrall	18	160	5:11	R. E.
Medary	18	155	5:09	L. E.
Forrest	18	140	5:08	Q.
Inslee	18	135	5:08	Q.
Day	17	180	6:01	L. H.
Ebling, L.	17	150	6:02	R. H.
Andrews	17	123	5:07	Q.
Gray	18	132	5:06	Q.
Page	17	185	6:00	F. B.
Average	17½	161	5:10½	

Soccer, 1927

THIS year's soccer team went through a very successful season. They won all but one game, which was played against a very strong team, Brooklyn Evening High School, and at a time when Hackley had had very little previous practice. The team won the next three encounters with Pawling, Horace Mann and Riverdale. The Pawling game was a contest hard-fought and well played by both teams, which Hackley, incited by the previous football defeat, finally won 2 to 0. The other two games were poor exhibitions of soccer for the most part, and should have been won by better scores than 1 to 0 and 2 to 0.

The success of the season was largely due to the time spent by Mr. Kellett in teaching the squad and the good spirit shown by all the players. Soccer is a new sport at Hackley and has not had time to develop, but the good coaching and large squads will soon, we trust, produce very capable representatives of our Alma Mater.

Captain Inslee played very well throughout the whole season. He was in the thick of every play and always could be relied upon to give a good account of himself. An excellent scorer, he was also one of the leading factors in the season's success.

His two running mates, Medary and Hixon, inside left and inside right, showed great skill in passing, dribbling and shooting. Hixon was the high scorer of the year, but even though he did not attain to this record, Medary accounted for a good deal of our spectacular field play by his constant, shifty footwork.

The two wings of the forward line were Forrest and Huey. Both these players did well during the entire season. Although a large burden is placed on the shoulders of the two wings, neither of them flinched. Instead, they are to be highly commended for their good, steady playing.

At center half-back—without doubt the most difficult position on the field—Belfield excelled. This berth is the axle upon which the whole team must revolve, and it may be fairly said that Belfield lived up to this demand in every match.

Belfield's two outside men, Tom Nelles, left half-back, and A. T. Day, right half-back, reinforced the forward line consistently.

Hardly ever did these two fail to stop the rush of the opposing line. Nelles served faithfully and well throughout the season, and certainly deserves the honor of next year's captaincy.

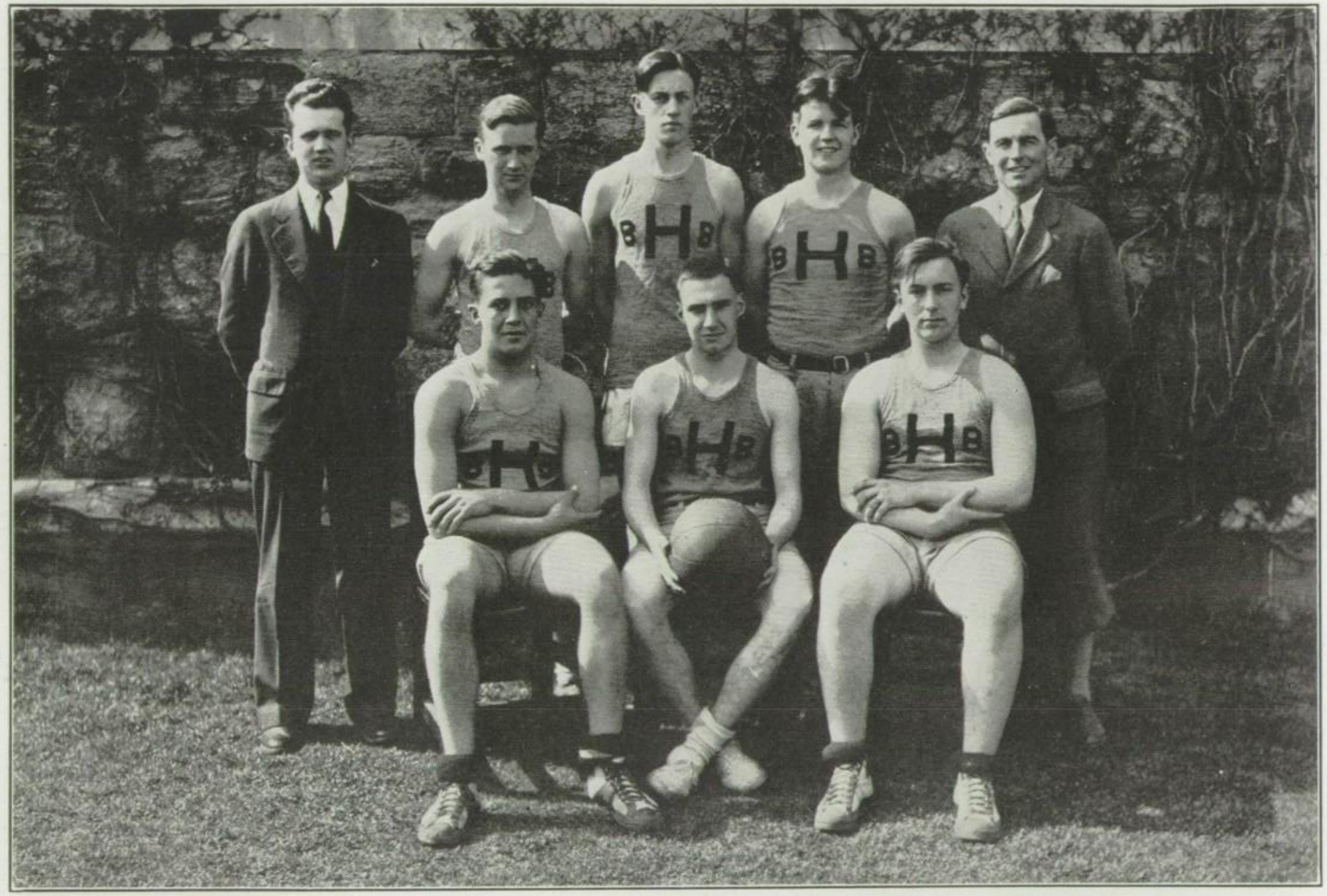
Farther down the line-up come Pearson and Page, the two mountainous full-backs. Once these two got started it was almost impossible for the opposition to break through for a shot at the goal. Page was especially talented in breaking up passes and blocking dribblers, while Pearson was excellent at long, accurate kicks out of the danger zone.

French, the goalie, played a fine brand of soccer in every encounter. He made many wonderful stops during each game, and it did not take him long to be able to root the outside kicks with the skill of a veteran.

Enough can not be said in praise of the subs who strove through a hard season, manfully pulling their weight in the boat. Whenever called upon to fight, they acquitted themselves in a most worthy manner.

The letter men are listed below:

Inslee (Captain).....Center
Hixon.....Inside-Left
Medary.....Inside-Right
Forrest.....Outside-Left
Huey.....Outside-Right
Belfield.....Center Half-Back
Nelles.....Left Half-Back
Day.....Right Half-Back
Pearson.....Left Full-Back
Page.....Right Full-Back
French.....Goal
Barnes.....Sub.
Ebling, W.....Sub.
Polhemus.....Sub.
Ostrander.....Sub.
Berri.....Manager



Basketball, 1928

HACKLEY'S 1928 basketball team did very well, too, when one takes into consideration the handicap under which it started out. The season ended with seven games won and an equal number lost. To begin with, two stars from last year's quintet, Ex-Captain Appleton, a fine defensive player, and Bockwinkel, who led the scorers, did not return to school. With Captain Worrall the only surviving letter man, Coach Butler succeeded in putting together a fairly strong combination at the end of several weeks of practice. French, high scorer with 121 points, was the spear-head of the offence. Occupying the left forward position, he did not possess the speed of many of the men he played against, but gave a good account of himself. Louis Ebling jumped center during most of the games. He played well on the home floor, but in the games away he was practically useless. He would have made a fairly good stationary guard, but as he was the tallest man on the squad he naturally fell heir to the center position despite his poor offensive playing. Medary and Forrest alternated at the other forward position. The former was the flashier player but was forced out by illness about the middle of the season. Forrest tried hard throughout, playing his best against Morristown, caging four baskets. Captain Worrall, Pearson, and Belfield took care of the guard positions. The former was unable to play for a good part of the season owing to trouble with his eyes. In his absence Pearson and Belfield, the heavyweights, formed a fairly effective defensive combination, although at times their tactics reminded one more of football or hockey than basketball. Belfield was the faster and had a shade more natural ability, but Pearson with his superior experience played a safer, steadier game.

Hackley started the season with three easy victories over Scarborough, Ridgefield, and Mohegan Lake, in that order. All three teams were plainly outclassed and at no time threatened to outscore the gray and black. Mid-Year Exams then imposed a week of enforced idleness. Following this, Hackley dropped successive games to Woodmere, Berkeley-Irving, and Trinity. All these games were reasonably close, especially the Trinity game in which the home quintet played well enough to hold a team that had previously won thirteen straight to a 24-21 score. The gray

and black then picked up three straight victories, triumphing over Riverdale and the Faculty, and playing flashily to defeat Barnard in a hard fought game 26-20. Hackley slumped badly in losing to Gunnery and also dropped games to Pawling and St. Paul's by lopsided scores. The latter two schools are entirely beyond our class in basketball. In preparation for the final big game of the season with Morristown, Hackley defeated Canterbury 30-25.

On the following Saturday Morristown came from behind to triumph 36-35 in one of the closest, most exciting games ever played in the Hackley gym. It was a personal victory for Bockwinkel, a former Hackley player, who had transferred to our New Jersey rivals. He captured high scoring honors with 25 points, including eleven field goals and three free throws. His playing alone kept the red and white in the running, for at half time Hackley had a 14-7 lead and seemed to be on the way to an easy victory. A schedule and statistics follow:

Jan. 20—Hackley	32	Scarborough	23
Jan. 24—Hackley	27	Ridgefield	20
Jan. 28—Hackley	31	Mohegan Lake	19
Feb. 4—Hackley	28	Woodmere	37
Feb. 8—Hackley	25	Berkeley-Irving	27
Feb. 11—Hackley	21	Trinity	24
Feb. 15—Hackley	29	Riverdale	20
Feb. 18—Hackley	26	Barnard	20
Feb. 21—Hackley	22	Faculty	17
Feb. 25—Hackley	11	Gunnery	23
Feb. 29—Hackley	14	Pawling	52
Mar. 3—Hackley	14	St. Paul's	41
Mar. 7—Hackley	30	Canterbury	25
Mar. 10—Hackley	35	Morristown	36

STATISTICS

Name	Age	Weight	Height	Pos.	Points
Belfield	18	178	5:10	guard	33
Forrest	19	140	5:09	forward	30
French	16	160	5:09	forward	121
Ebling	17	150	6:02	center	49
Medary	18	150	5:08	forward	34
Pearson	17	206	6:00	guard	5
Worrall (Capt.)	18	145	5:09	guard	55

Hockey

IT is almost impossible for a preparatory school or college in this part of the country to have a successful hockey team unless the team has access to artificial ice. Captain Dick Page's team was not on the ice over a dozen times and was able to play only three games. There was hardly a week of what might be called good hockey weather, and the sextet, despite the fact that it had good prospects, lost interest. The team had been on the ice only twice, when it went down to Princeton to win from the Hun School, 2 goals to 1, at the Hobey Baker Memorial Rink. With the New Jerseyites leading 1 to 0, and the final period drawing to a close, Page took possession of the puck deep in his own territory and, stickhandling his way through his opponents, scored the tying goal. Near the end of the first overtime session, Day and Gray successfully worked a combination attack, the former taking Gray's pass from the corner to bulge the twine with the winning counter. This year Morristown had an unusually good hockey team for a school of its size, defeating many first-class teams, including Kent. Small wonder then that Hackley's partly experienced outfit, which even by that time had had very little practice, lost by the score of 8 to 0. The fact that Belfield, our goalie, was decidedly off form during the first period accounted in a large measure for the one-sidedness of the score. At the end of the initial session the count stood 6 to 0 against the gray and black. The third and last game was played on a rink at Bear Mountain with the Storm King School. The score was Storm King 2—Hackley 1, but as the ice was covered by an inch of water neither team could play well, the goals resulting from lucky shots. Captain Page scored the sole point for the gray and black.

Four letter men reported for practice at the beginning of last season. Ex-Captain Belfield at goal did not live up to the form he had displayed in previous years as guardian of the nets. This was probably due to the fact that he made the basketball team for the first time, the new game capturing his interest. Captain Page and A. T. Day alternated between the defence positions and the wings. The former is one of the best players that has been on a Hackley team in recent years. His speed and stick-work are ex-

H

cellent and his shots have that cutting, bullet-like quality which mark a really good player. On the defence Page knows how to use his one hundred and eighty pounds to best advantage in shouldering his opponents off the puck. Day also played a speedy game and his form showed a marked improvement over that of last year. Solon Gray, the fourth veteran was invaluable as a center, both for his dexterous offensive play and accurate poke-checking which broke up many promising attacks of the enemy. Hixon, MacLean, and Brandt, who played the wings when the regulars were back, played very well, considering their inexperience and light weight. Their aggressiveness, in fact, went a long way towards making up what they lacked in speed and finesse. Shippee and Ostrander, the defence alternates, did excellent work, but in comparison to the regulars were slow and unsteady on their feet. In conclusion, the ANNUAL wishes to express its thanks to Coach Howard for his patient efforts despite adverse conditions.

Line-up:

Belfield	Goal
Page (Captain)	Defense
Day	Defense
Gray	Center
Hixon	Wing
MacLean	Wing
Brandt	Wing
Shippee	Defense
Ostrander	Defense
Inslee	Manager

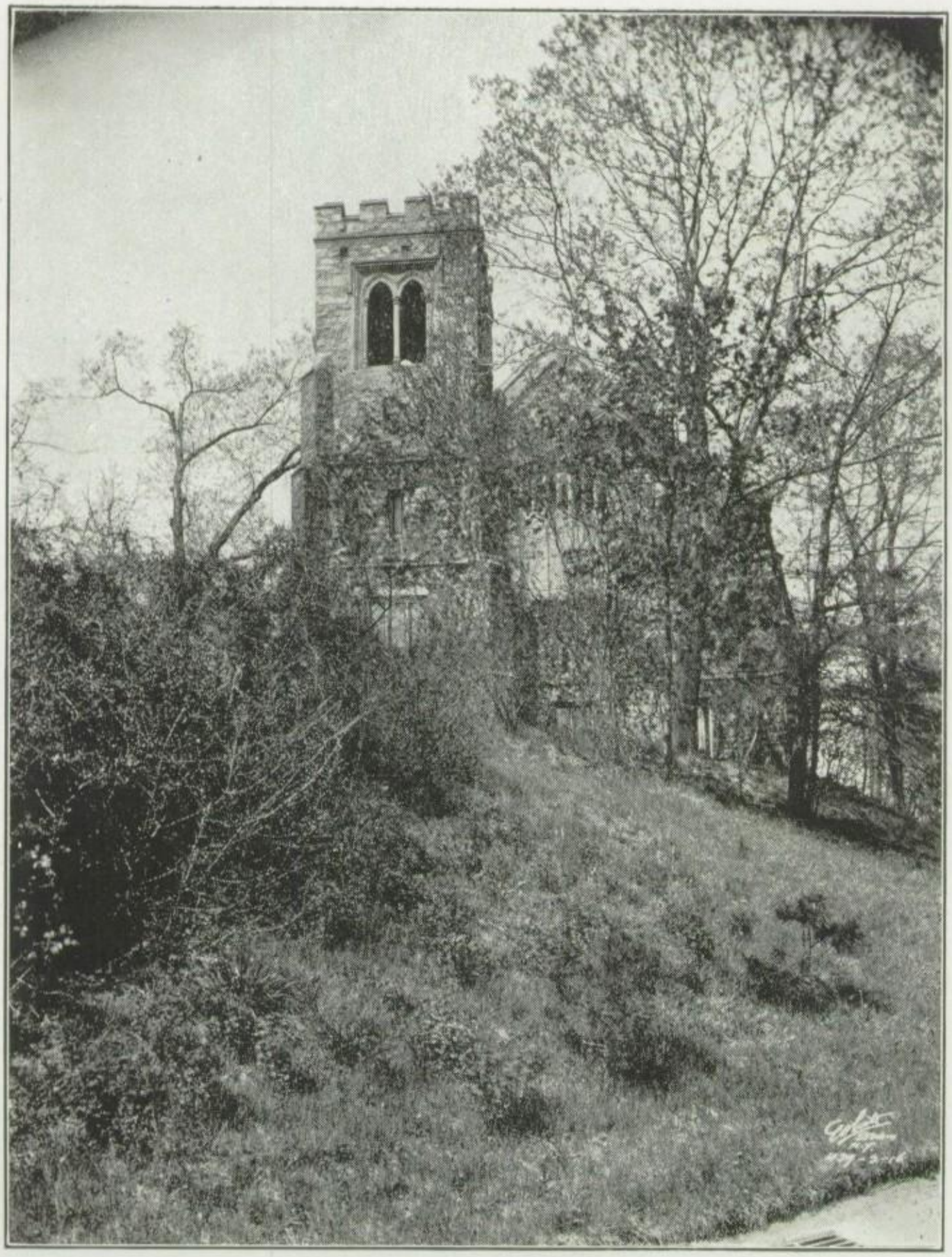
SCHEDULE

Feb. 2—At Princeton	Hun	1	Hackley	2
Feb. 10—At Morristown	Morristown	8	Hackley	0
Feb. 15—At Bear Mountain	Storm King	2	Hackley	1
Total	Opponents	11	Hackley	3

Baseball, 1928

THIS season looks none too bright. The team is fairly strong in the field, but the pitching staff, if it may be called that, lacks experience. The loss, by graduation, of former Captain Roger Williams, a star boxman for three years, is a serious handicap; while the gap in the team's attack made by George Bockwinkel's departure will undoubtedly have an equally crippling effect on Hackley's attack. Captain Solon Gray, playing for his fourth and final year, is showing his usual sterling form in patrolling center. He occupies the lead-off position in the batting order, and his stick-work shows signs of improving until he will be quite a problem to any pitcher he faces. Ebling should have no trouble in clinching the left-field position. He is a good fielder, and should be available for emergency infield duty, should the need arise. At the bat Louis is too easily fooled to be a very important factor in the team's attack, but when he does hit the ball, it usually goes for a long ride. Page, Medary, and Deshler will alternate in right field. When the first is not pitching, he will undoubtedly play there in order that his heavy hitting ability may not be sacrificed. There is little choice between the latter two, for while Deshler may hit harder, Medary is the better fielder.

French at first base is one of the best fielders Hackley has had at that position for some time. He is a fair batsman, showing at present a hundred-percent improvement over last year's form, but it is doubtful if he will be such a tower of strength as his predecessor, Bockwinkel. Fred Gabel on second shows a good deal of promise despite his youth and inexperience. He is likely to make quite a few mistakes and is a bit slow, but he has a nimble pair of hands and shows signs of developing into a first class hitter. Johnny Forrest, a veteran of four seasons, will undoubtedly take care of everything hit to short in his usual capable fashion. Johnny has never been known as an exceptionally strong batter, and although he will never be a heavy hitter, he ought to be good for about one safe hit a game. Pearson's mountainous form will again block off any potential hits down the third base line. Mac, despite his two hundred and twenty pounds, is by far the best man at the hot corner. He is very nimble for a fellow of his weight, and has a fast



line throw to first, capable of beating the speediest runner. He is a good batsman, and no doubt will be well up among the team's leading hitters. Russ Belfield will undoubtedly do the catching, despite his propensity for uncorking wild throws at critical moments. Russ is not a good hitter, his chief value lying in the fact that there have been remarkably few passed balls charged to him in his three years behind the bat.

The pitching staff is by far the weakest unit of the team. Page heads the list of hurlers, but when we get down to bare facts he really knows very few tricks of the trade. He has a good fast ball, but his curve is too slight to be consistently effective. Still, he is never hit very hard. If the going becomes too rough for Page, either Forrest or Gabel may be called upon for mound duty, although neither has had much experience, and the quality of their work is almost entirely unknown. Page allowed Scarborough, a much weaker team, only five hits in the opening game, and won by the lopsided score of 13 to 1; but against the stronger Horace Mann outfit, he was not nearly so effective and Hackley suffered an 8-2 defeat. The team fielded and hit only fairly well; but if there is not a general improvement, it is doubtful whether Hackley will win a majority of its games.

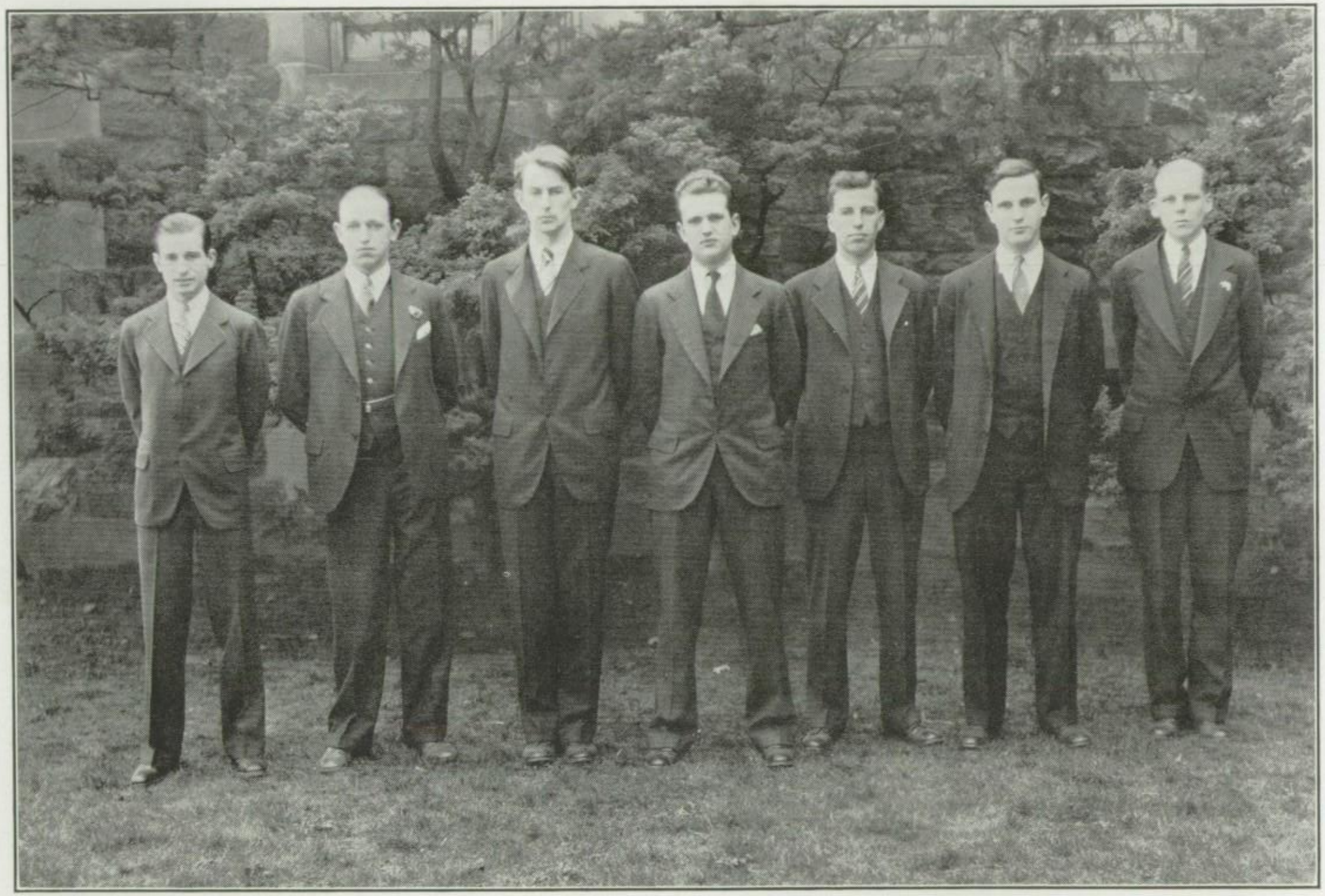
SCHEDULE

Apr. 28	At Tarrytown	Berkley-Irving
May 2	At Scarborough	Scarborough
May 5	At Tarrytown	Barnard
May 9	At Riverdale	Horace Mann
May 12	At Tarrytown	St. Paul's
May 15	At Riverdale	Riverdale
May 19	At Tarrytown	Trinity
May 23	At Tarrytown	Mohegan Lake
May 25	At Morristown	Morristown
May 30	At Tarrytown	Collegiate
May 31	At New Milford	Canterbury
June 2	At Tarrytown	Alumni

Track

SINCE, as we go to press, the track team has had only one chance to prove its mettle, the practice meet with Washington Irving High School, it is hard to say whether the season will be as successful as that of last year's undefeated team. The outlook, however, is hopeful in spite of the harder schedule which this year's team faces. Besides the usual dual meets which include Pawling, White Plains High School, Horace Mann, and St. Paul's, the team is competing in the Yale Interscholastics at New Haven and the Interscholastic Meet at Peekskill. We also sent to the Penn Relays a specially organized mile relay team which took fourth place in its class. A. T. Day, who unfortunately is now able to compete only in field events, ran a beautiful race as anchor man, pulling us up to fourth place. In the Washington Irving Meet, we captured first place, and in many cases second or third in practically every event.

As to the probable individual point winners, Barnes, our fastest in both sprints, runs well enough in the hundred to perhaps tie or even break the school record of ten seconds. In the 220 he is supported by Van Winkle, and by Proctor in the hundred. Proctor and Van Winkle, both members of the relay team, do their best to uphold the honor of the school in the quarter, and the mile and half-mile are taken care of by Howard and Gray respectively, with Worrall running close behind in both events. Baker is another promising candidate for the half. As to the low hurdles, Andrews and Wink are the fastest, and in the high hurdles, an event introduced for the first time this year, our hopes are fastened chiefly on Page. In the field events there is A. T. Day, the holder of the school's record in both the high and broad jumps, who is supported by Page in the former and Barnes in the latter. The best candidate for the pole vault, an event we are weak in, is W. Ebling, but during his illness Andrews and L. Ebling seem the most promising. In the weights Shippee hurls the hammer and discus to good advantage, with San Saun in the former and Page in the latter as close seconds. In the shot put, A. T. Day and then A. Vose make the longest heaves. With these likely candidates, it seems as though we should be able to keep up the standard of last year's undefeated team.



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HACKLEY

Clubs

Clubs

FOR the first time in four years, the Goodhues are ahead in the inter-club race for the cup. They are, in fact, so far in the lead that, even at this stage, it is practically a certainty that they will win the coveted trophy for this year. But despite the vast number of points the Goodhues have been reaping, ever since early autumn, there is a keen club spirit that touches every boy at school. Perhaps this is so because there are fewer fellows in school this year, and everyone feels more deeply the responsibility of carrying on the club's reputation and honor. This applies especially to the Raymonds, who are outnumbered by the Goodhues by about twelve men.

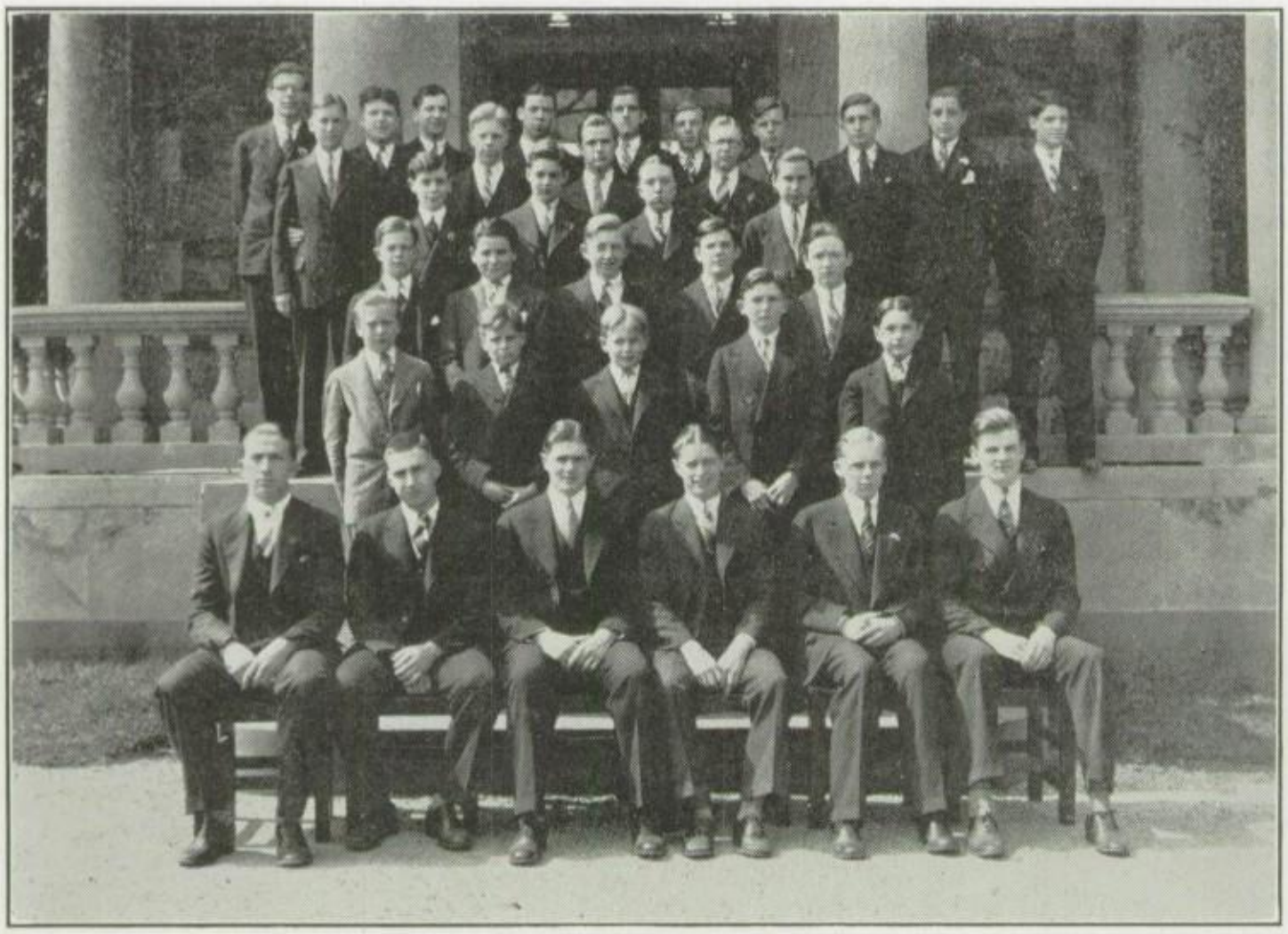
Due to the lack of candidates for club football, it was decided that each club should have but one team. The series was a walk-away for the Goodhues, since they had heavier and more experienced men than did the Raymonds.

During the Winter Term, the clubs again played an interesting and hard-fought basketball series. Although the Raymonds put their hardest efforts into the contests, the best they could do was to win eleven out of the twenty-seven games played by all three teams.

To make sure of winning the cup, the Goodhues captured the Raymond-Goodhue track meet, at the start of the spring season. It was the closest Raymond-Goodhue meet ever witnessed; the Goodhues decided the issue by winning the last events, the 440 and 880 yard relays, making the total score 80 to 74 in favor of the Goodhues.

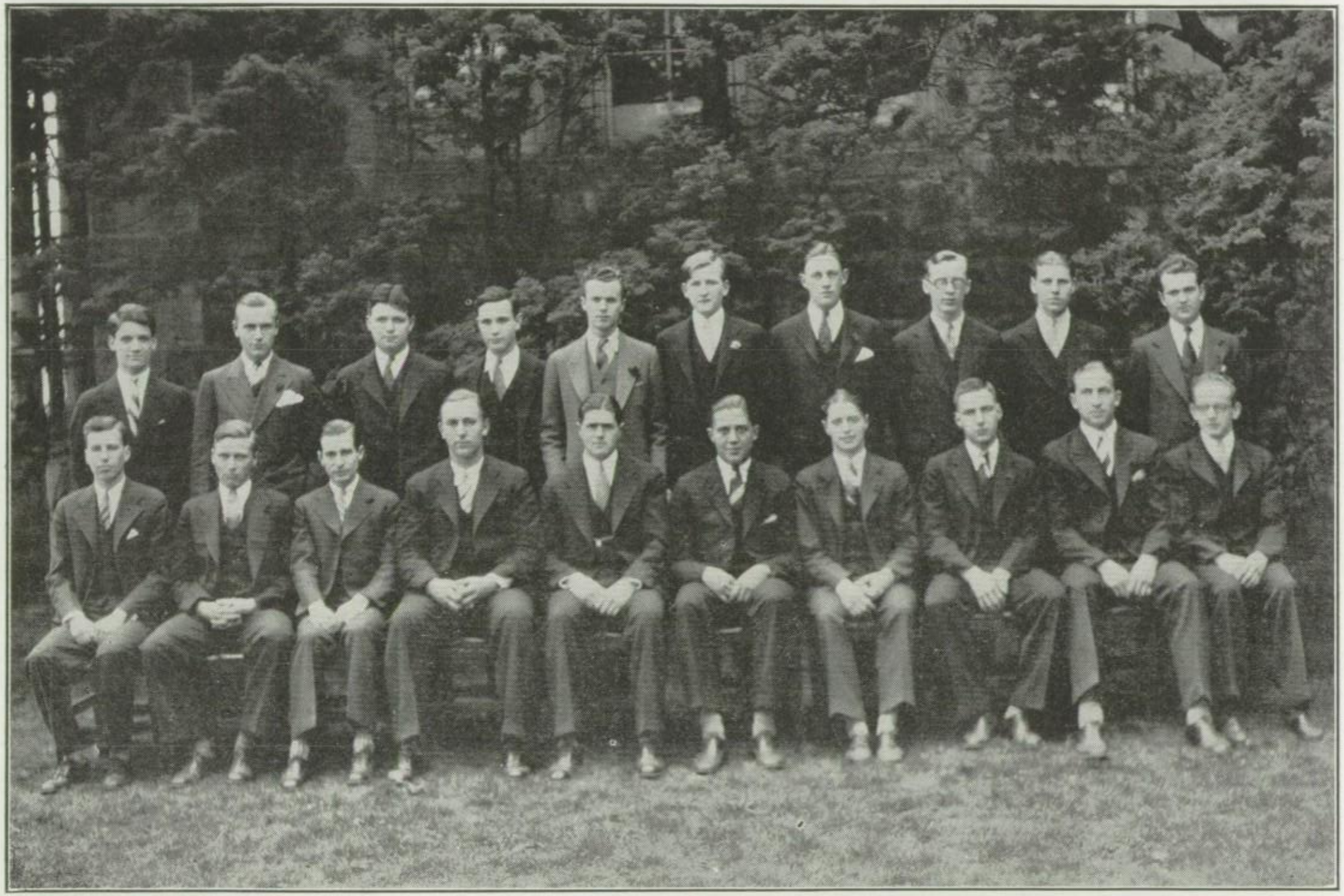
There now remain only the spring tennis tournament and the baseball series to count towards gaining the traditional cup. It seems likely that the Raymonds will win the tennis matches, but the point score is trivial. As for baseball, the teams are entirely too close to determine the possession of the trophy.

GOODHUES



RAYMONDS

Letter Men



Football

Andrews, '27.
Belfield, '25, '26, '27.
Day, '26, '27.
Ebling, '27.
Forrest, '27.
Gray, '27.
Herrmann, '27.
Howard, '26, '27.
Inslee, '25, '26, '27.
Medary, '27.
Page, '26, '27.
Pearson, '26, '27.
Polhemus, '27.
Shippee, '25, '26, '27.
Worrall, '26, '27.

Soccer

Belfield, '26, '27.
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Day, '27.
Ebling, W., '27.
Forrest, '27.
French, '27.
Guthrie, '27.
Hixon, '27.
Huey, '26, '27.
Inslee, '26, '27.
Medary, '26, '27.
Nelles, '27.
Page, '26, '27.
Pearson, '26, '27.
Polhemus, '27.
Shippee, '26.
Worrall, '26

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Belfield, '28.
Forrest, '28.
French, '28.
Medary, '28.
Pearson, '28.
Worrall, '27, '28.
Ebling, '28.

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Belfield, '26, '27, '28.
Day, '27, '28.
Gray, '25, '26, '27, '28.
Hixon, '28.
Ostrander, '28.
Page, '26, '27, '28.
Shippee, '28.

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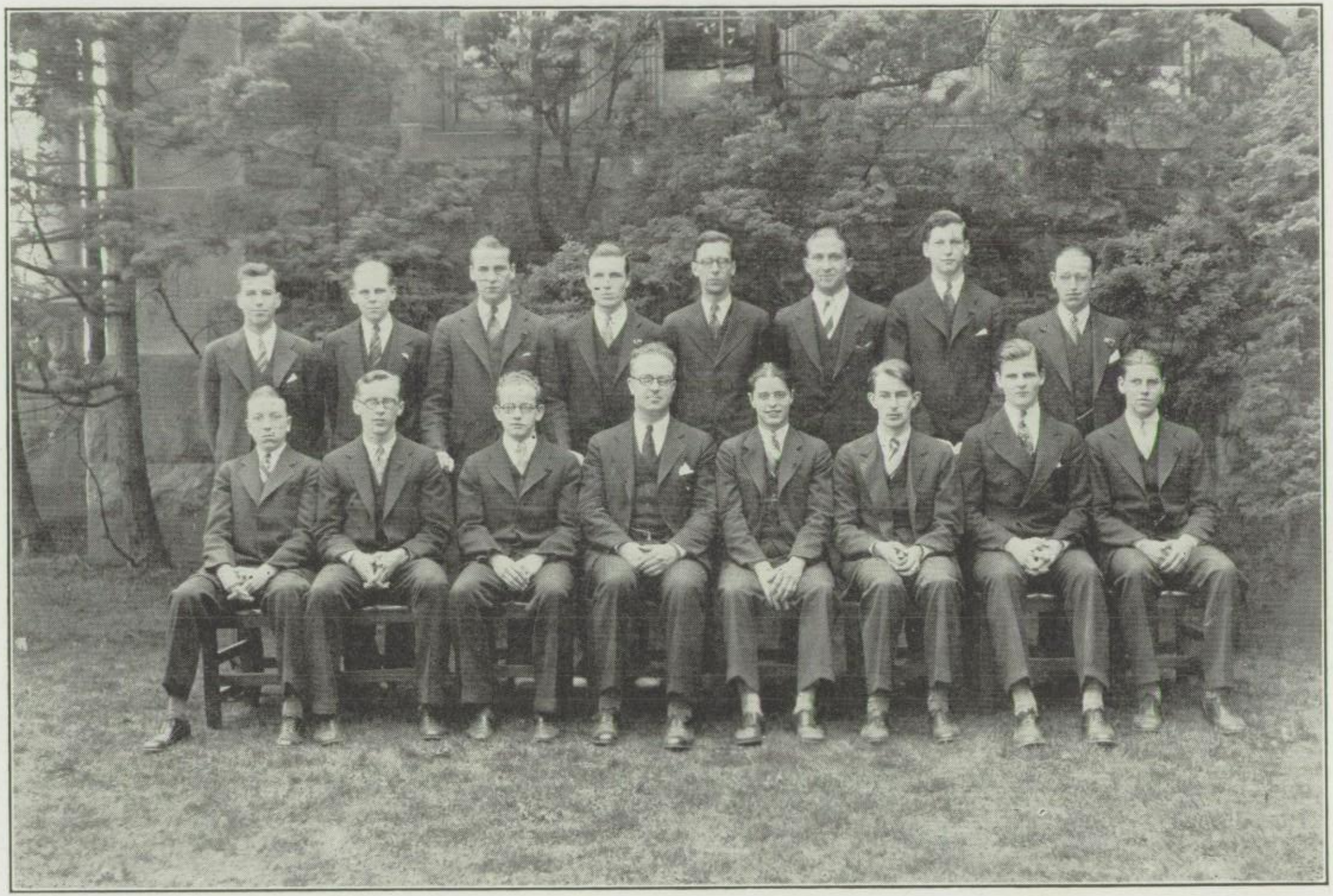
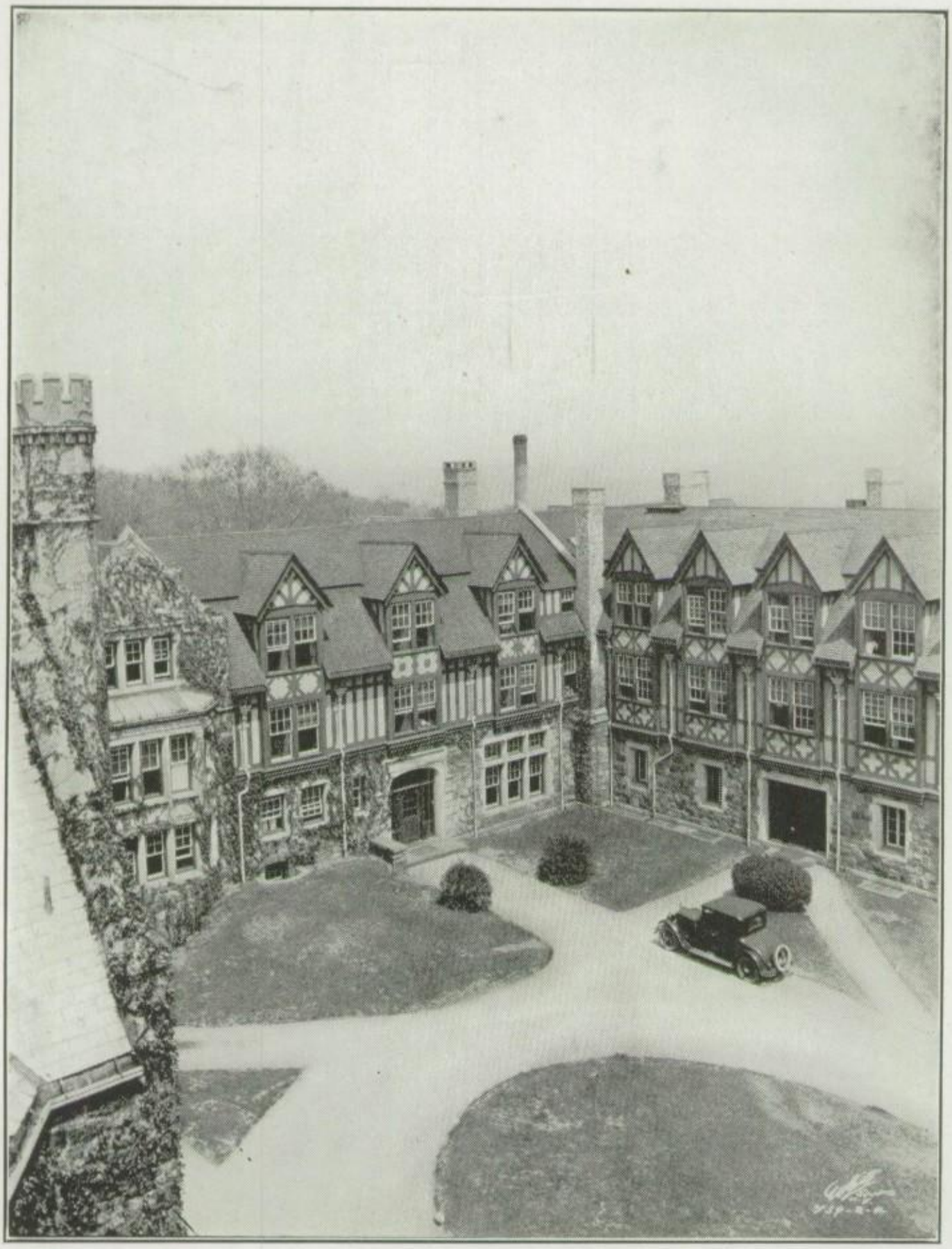
Belfield, '26, '27, '28.
Ebling, '27, '28.
Forrest, '26, '27, '28.
French, '27, '28.
Gray, '25, '26, '27, '28.
Inslee, '26.
Page, '27, '28.
Pearson, '26, '27, '28.

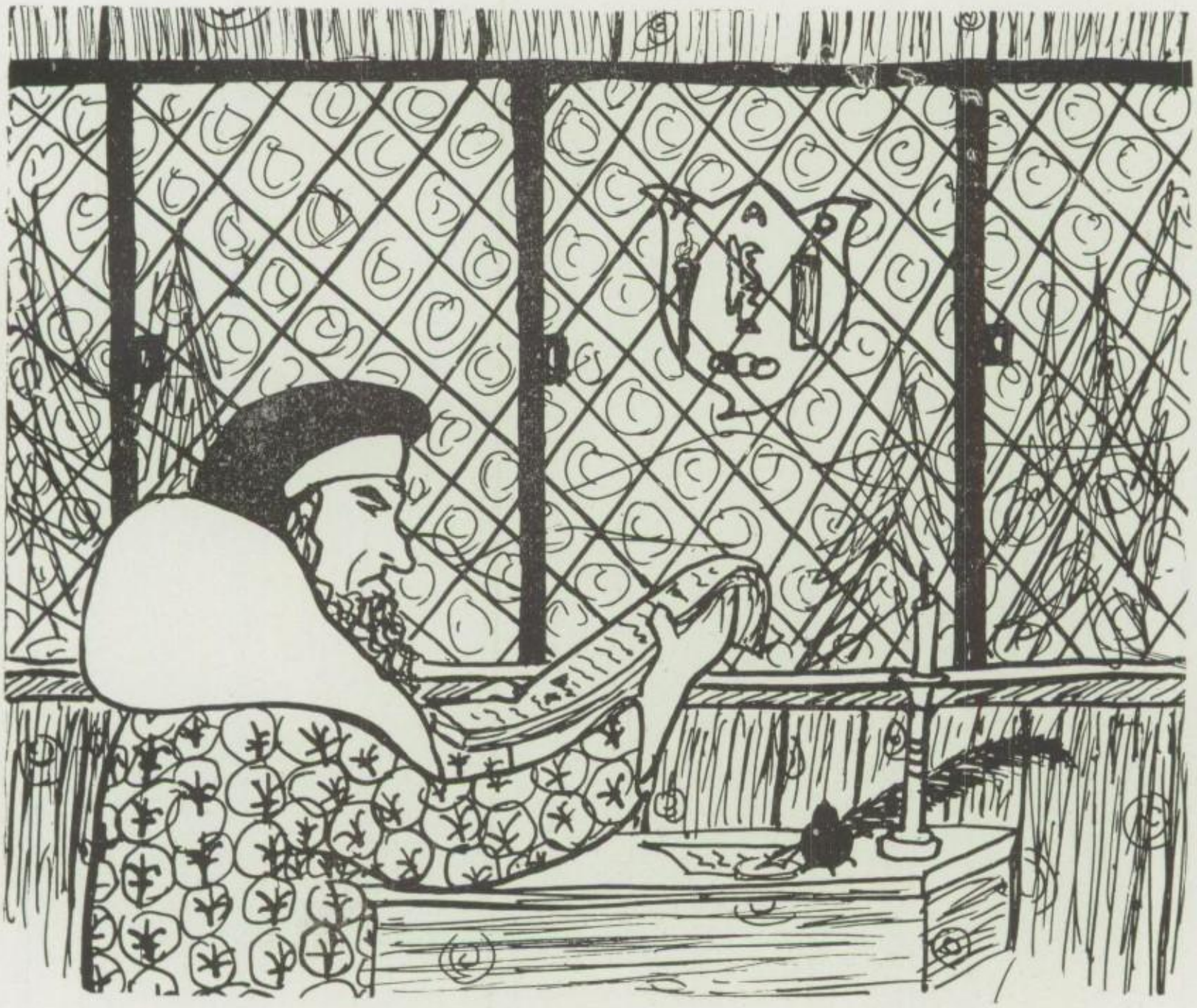
Track

Andrews, '28.
Barnes, '27, '28.
Day, '26, '27, '28.
Howard, '26, '27, '28.
Page, '28.
Proctor, '28.
Shippee, '25, '27, '28.
Steele, '27.
Worrall, '27, '28.

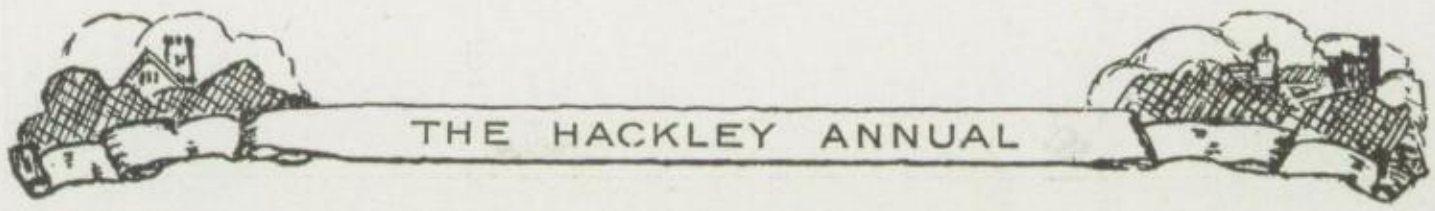
Choir







Literary



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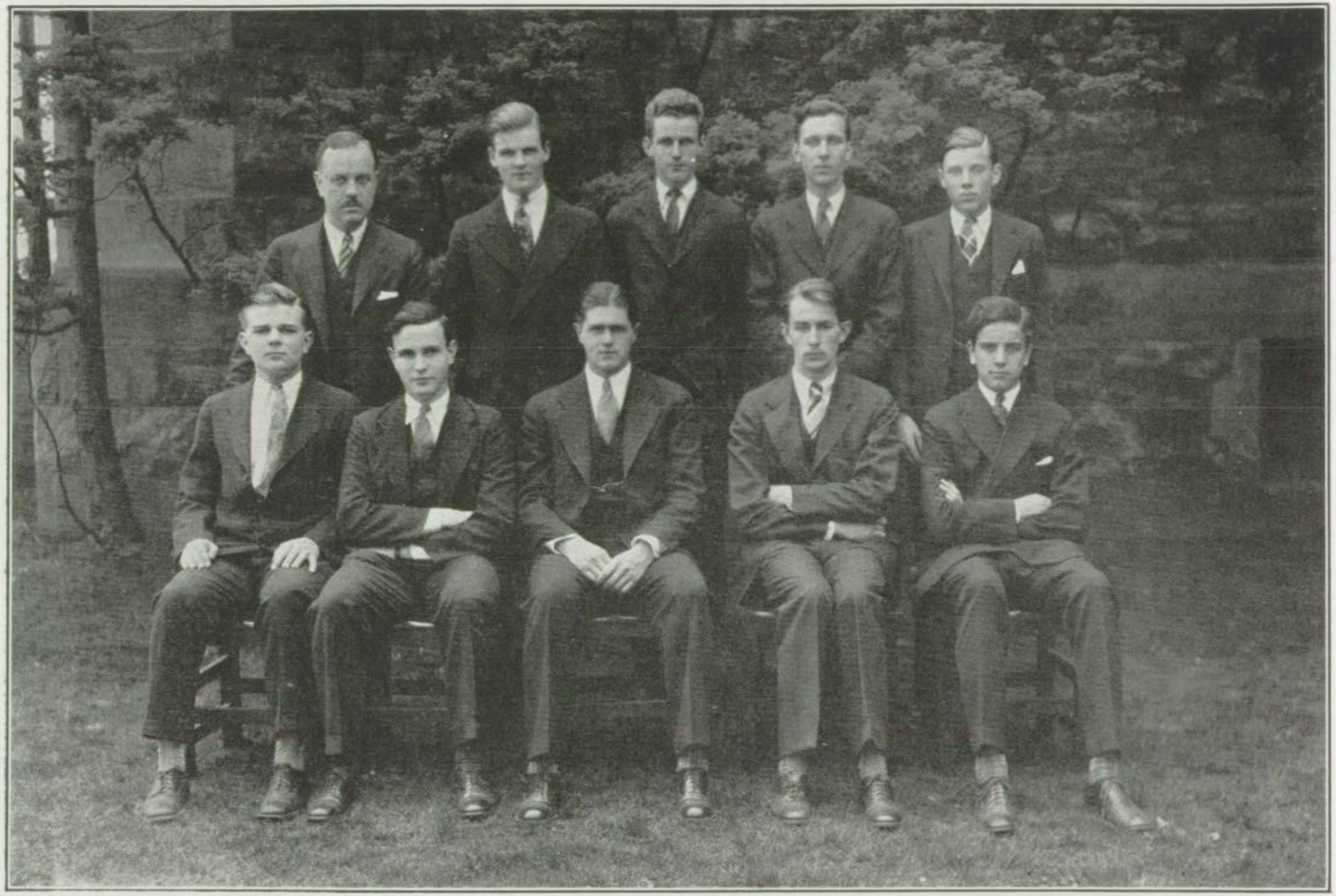

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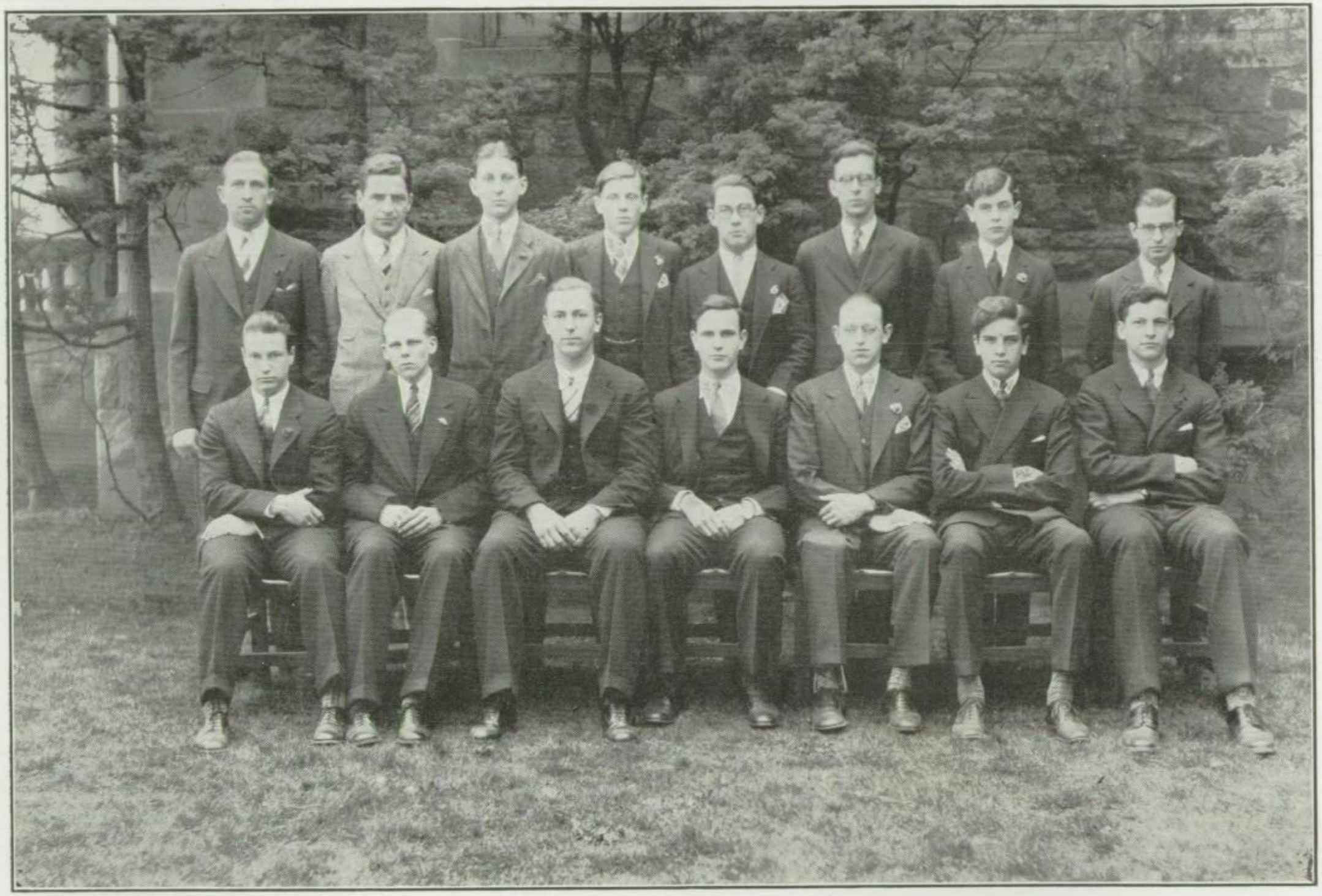

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Faculty Advisor

MR. VERNON B. KELLETT

For the first time in the history of the school we have had a fortnightly paper. Since we have always felt the need of one, a group of ambitious boys banded together, and made a success of it.

The ANNUAL wishes to thank not only Mr. Kellett and Herrmann but also the entire board for the fine work they have done in giving us this publication.

Amusements

THE dances and various other forms of entertainment, given at the school this year, have been excellent, and far above many preceding years. It has been customary to give a Hallowe'en costume dance each October, but this fall, due either to the lack of chaperones or girls (sic semper femina est), the dance was called off. However, we had a tea-dance in Goodhue, after the Morristown football game. Of course, the players of both teams were tired out, but the number of vivacious girls put everyone in an excellent mood. The Castle Club Orchestra did the honors, and are to be commended for their tuneful playing. In the interval between this dance, and a second one at the end of the term, the school was entertained almost every Saturday evening by some interesting movie or lecture. This last dance of the term was a howling success, both literally and figuratively speaking. Goodhue Chapel was decorated in the spirit of Christmastide, and the forty-five couples entered into the fracas with exuberant joviality. Again "Nick" Koenig and his "tooters" furnished the harmony.

The following term we had the opportunity of attending two more entertainments. The first, about the middle of the term, a dance to which only Briarcliff girls were invited. With the world outside clothed in a blanket of whiteness, and the world inside shimmering under the glowing orbs, and the bright colors of the pennants, one glorious evening was enjoyed by all. A few weeks later, after much urging, the Senior Class decided to amuse everyone with a show—and they certainly succeeded. The entire audience was in a continual uproar throughout a comical program which started off with a farcical news-reel portraying the various members of the Faculty at work and at play, then shifted to five stupendous acts of vaudeville, and finally ended with a seven-reel movie thriller christened: "The Rover Boys at Hackley." Ballets, quartettes, orchestras (symphony), and parodies flashed before the eyes of a startled gathering, in so fast a procession that everyone was left gasping with astonishment. It is a fact, however, that after this performance, various members of the audience had

sufficient energy left to collect themselves for a little informal dancing.

For weeks everyone had been living in anticipation of the big time of the year, namely, the Play Dance, which was given on April twenty-first. The Castle Club Orchestra again led the ceremonies in a masterful manner. And this factor, coupled with the herculean efforts of the Decorating and Dance Committees, helped to make the occasion one of the most glorious the school has ever known, or enjoyed. The pool and locker room were brilliantly illuminated by colored lights, and their walls gaily bedecked with every type of banner or pennant in school. Beauty and peace pervaded the subdued atmosphere of these lower rooms, while blaring harmony resounded above. So this happy event came and went, ruffling the suface of our existence for a short while, and then leaving us void of all anticipation, except that of a gay, glittering Commencement week-end, which will conclude the scholastic year in a blaze of glory.

Dramatics

Dramatics

EARLY in the spring term a subtle and mysterious movement makes itself felt in the placid waters of life at Hackley; one glimpses here and there in the corridors abstracted individuals muttering to themselves with bowed heads strange, incoherent phrases, lights glimmer faintly from casements at late, unauthorized hours, and the gym sends forth—at dusk—not the thud of basket-ball or rubber soles—but a brisk tattoo of carpentry and a veritable aurora borealis of electric flashes. Once more, apparently,—"the play's the thing wherewith to catch the conscience of the King!"

On April 21st of the current year a goodly assemblage waited expectantly, despite the inclement weather, for the raising of the curtain on the first of the three plays to be presented. The gymnasium was, as usual, gaily bedecked with pennants and banners, and

the crimson draperies that concealed the stage glowed afresh after their recent thorough cleaning and overhauling.

The Man In The Bowler Hat, a burlesque melodrama by A. A. Milne, dealt in a most amusing fashion with the bedevilment of a normal, sensible domestic couple, involved in the machinations of a determined villain in pursuit of an extremely personable heroine and her devoted swain. This sketch with its lively action, which cleverly combined both humor and suspense, proved an excellent opener. Alexander and Nelles played the conventional, middle-class couple to perfection, while Belfield, Jewett, Van Winkle, and Medary struck the proper note of idealized exaggeration of the types they portrayed.

The Valiant followed, a tense, poignant drama of life between prison walls, which reached perhaps the highest level of the afternoon, from the standpoint of equalization of aim and attainment. Belfield should be highly commended for his forceful acting as the Warden, Page and Redfern, for the sincerity and poetic fervor with which they stamped the roles of the condemned prisoner and his sister. Perry, as a priest, was convincing to the eye, if not altogether satisfactory from an auditory standpoint. The breathless attention of the audience was a noticeable tribute to the emotional power of the cast and of the play itself.

The legend of King Argimenes And The Unknown Warrior, which was the concluding number of the triad, fully equalled, if it did not surpass, in the beauty of settings and costumes, the other plays of similar fantastic character which have been produced in recent years. The first scene, showing the slave fields of King Darniak, revealed a foreground of dusky earth, scattered with reeds and withered grasses, a confining wall at the rear, through which a fountain played into a marble basin and, surmounting it, the lofty, gnarled boughs of massive trees silhouetted against a sky of tourquoise blue. The throne room, which formed the second scene, was a strong contrast to the bleakness of its predecessor, with its rich purple tapestries, throne of silver, and the grotesque idol on its ebony pedestal. The large cast showed the effect of frequent drilling and rehearsal in the fluency and naturalness of movement during the complicated action of the piece; the grouping never appearing confused and crowded even when the resources of

a small stage were most severely taxed. Among many excellent performances the following merit special commendation: Pearson as the insurgent king, Herrmann as the voluptuous tyrant, Guthrie as a slave, Huey as a savage overseer, A. Crane a prophet, and the group of Queens comprising B. Dresser, Jewett, Belden and Kittredge.

During the two intermissions the Glee Club sang five popular numbers, Lynch and Schenck appeared in a special act, and Mr. Hague played tuneful selections from the "Beggar's Opera." The entertainment was followed, as usual, by the annual Play-Dance on the floor of the gymnasium.

To Mr. Cook, who with unselfish devotion coached the players, to the stage crew and the various committees that took charge of the scenic investiture and the tasteful decoration of the building, to stage manager, electrician, and the designer of the settings and, finally, to the actors themselves, the ANNUAL wishes to present, upon the successful conclusion of the event, its most hearty thanks and congratulations.

Dramatic Club

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Electrician
ROBERT SHIPPEE

Stage Designer
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THE MAN IN THE BOWLER HAT

By

A. A. MILNE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Man in Bowler Hat.....J. F. Noble, '28
John.....T. I. Nelles, '29
Mary.....R. Alexander, '31
Hero.....E. Van Winkle, '30
Heroine.....C. Jewett, '30
Chief Villain.....R. Belfield, '28
Bad Man.....R. Y. Medary, '28

Scene: Mary's sitting room.
Time: Present.

THE VALIANT

By

HOLWORTH HALL AND RORERT MIDDLEMASS

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Warden Holt.....R. Belfield, '28
Father Daly.....R. A. Perry, '28
James Dyke.....R. M. Page, '28
Josephine Paris.....E. Redfern, '31
Dan, a jailer.....E. Guthrie, '30
An Attendant.....R. Y. Medary, '28

Scene: The Warden's office in the State's Prison at Wethersfield, Connecticut
Time: About half-past eleven on a rainy night.

King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior

By

Lord Dunsany

CAST OF CHARACTERS

King Argimenes.....M. L. Pearson, '28
Zarb (a slave, born of slaves).....E. Guthrie, '30
An Old Slave..... (Slaves of King Darniak) .....S. C. Schenck, '29
A Young Slave.....S. A. Lynch, '29
Second Slave.....W. Ludlow, '29
Prophet.....A. M. Crane, '28
The King's Overseer.....J. Huey, '29
King Darniak.....A. Herrmann, '28
Queen Atharlia.....B. Dresser, '31
Queen Oxara.....J. Belden, '30
Queen Cahafra.....E Kittredge, '29
Queen Thragolind.....C. Jewett, '30
The Idol-Guard.....R. A. Perry, '28
The Servant of the King's Dog.....C. S. French, '30
An Attendant.....C. M. Swezey, '29

Slaves.....L. A. Ebling, '29; F. Gabel, '30; A. T. Day, '29; T. I. Nelles, 29

Attendants.....C. Cregier, '30; T. W. Van Saun, '29

Guards.....M. Mitchell, '29; B. Whitney, '29; H. Owens, '29

Scene One: The Slave Fields of King Darniak.
Scene Two: The Throne Room of King Darniak.
Time: A long time ago.

Class Directory

Andrews, William A.....721 Lodi St., Syracuse, N. Y.
Belfield, Russell.....Merion, Pa.
Berri, William H.....465 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Crane, Alexander M.....35 Church Lane, Scarsdale, N. Y.
Crane, Richard.....35 Church Lane, Scarsdale, N. Y.
Forrest, John B.....Old Post Rd., Rye, N. Y.
Gray, Solon G., Jr.....Ponce de Leon Apts., Atlanta, Ga.
Herrmann, Adolph.....825 Fifth Ave., New York City
Inslee, William B.....Mansion House, Kenwood, Oneida, N. Y.
Medary, Richard Y.....47th and City Line, Philadelphia, Pa.
Noble, John F.....41 Calumet Ave., Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Ostrander, F. Taylor.....Cohawney Rd., Scarsdale, N. Y.
Page, Richard M., Jr.....350 Weaver St., Larchmont, N. Y.
Pearson, Malcolm L.....412 West End Ave., New York City
Perry, Roland A.....51 West 10th St., New York City
Polhemus, John A.....5 West 73rd St., New York City
Proctor, Edward M.....662 Queen Anne Rd., Teaneck, N. J.
Shippee, Robert.....The Grange, Red Bank, N. J.
Smith, William A.....2779 Briggs Ave., New York City
Steele, Samuel C.....Clover Rd., Rochester, N. Y.
Warner, Richard F.....Chestnut Place, Short Hills, N. J.
Worrall, James M. D.....41 East Summit St., Chestnut Hill, Pa.

As It Was in Verse

1

In late September, Hackley's halls
Were filled again with shouts and calls.
The ivied ramparts rang once more,
With tread of foot and slam of door.

2

There was a young man from New Haven
Who used to appear all unshaven,
But then he received,
Which made him quite peeved,
The news of his young son's arrival.
And now it is secretly said,
That he washes and irons instead.

3

The football team with many a vow
Began their fall training. And how!
They cut out the butts for almost a day
And ate nothing downtown, for a week, they say.

4

On the day that Daisy and Jackie returned
To their haunts of old, it was rapidly learned
That Gray and Medary receiving the tip
Every one of their classes proceeded to skip.

5

Said Page to Simpson, combing his locks,
"Your mouth resembles a toolbox."
"'Tis a lie," quoth Simpson, "you blooming sap,"
Giving vent to his rage on a pop-bottle cap.

6

A trip to West Point by the King on a Sunday,
Brought radical changes the following Monday.
We sat up straight, like soldiers, in classes,
And hoped into Sing Sing he got no passes.

7

December brought days bleak and cold,
The senior corridor, waxing bold,
Annexed a kitten, Bounder, by name,
Who bounded around till vacation came.

8

One winter's night, when the moon was bright,
A door creaked softly, came footsteps light,
A groan from the fire-escape, a thud on the ground—
And one less in bed Mr. Brockett found.

9

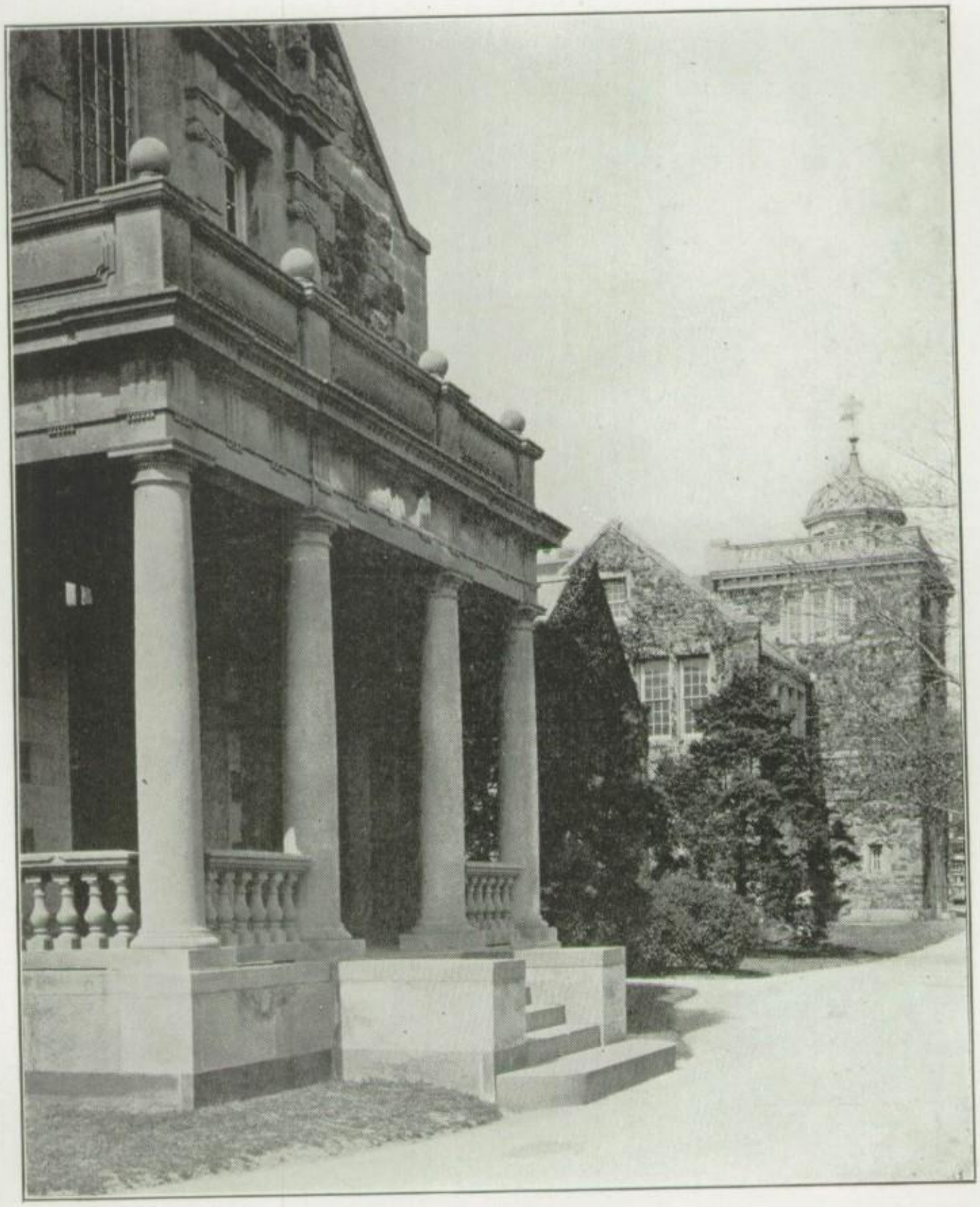
A shot rang out in the clear evening air,
Instinctively Morse knew Norris was there;
He ducked behind a nearby rock,
As the playful gunman skimmed his block.

10

In the Faculty-Varsity basketball game
It is hard to believe that none were made lame,
The varsity's punches were few and light,
Why didn't they get up and show some fight?

11

The last of two carloads Medary had smoked,
With Old Gold wrappers the furnace was stoked.
Said our valiant hero, "Old Golds, I'm off—
The nurse declares I have whooping cough."



12

A troubled life, Mr. Brockett had
In keeping his corridor from a fad
Of getting intimate with Marie,
And often he told them; "Let her be!"

13

In the darkened gym, with the footlights glaring,
The plays a week off and poorly faring.
Jewett, our heroine, with his come-hither look
Made us all jealous of Edo, the crook.

14

After evening rehearsals, in the cold,
We dash away downtown, all too bold,
By Mr. Loftus we're eagerly sought,
And when he phones Lynch and Graber's, we're caught.

15

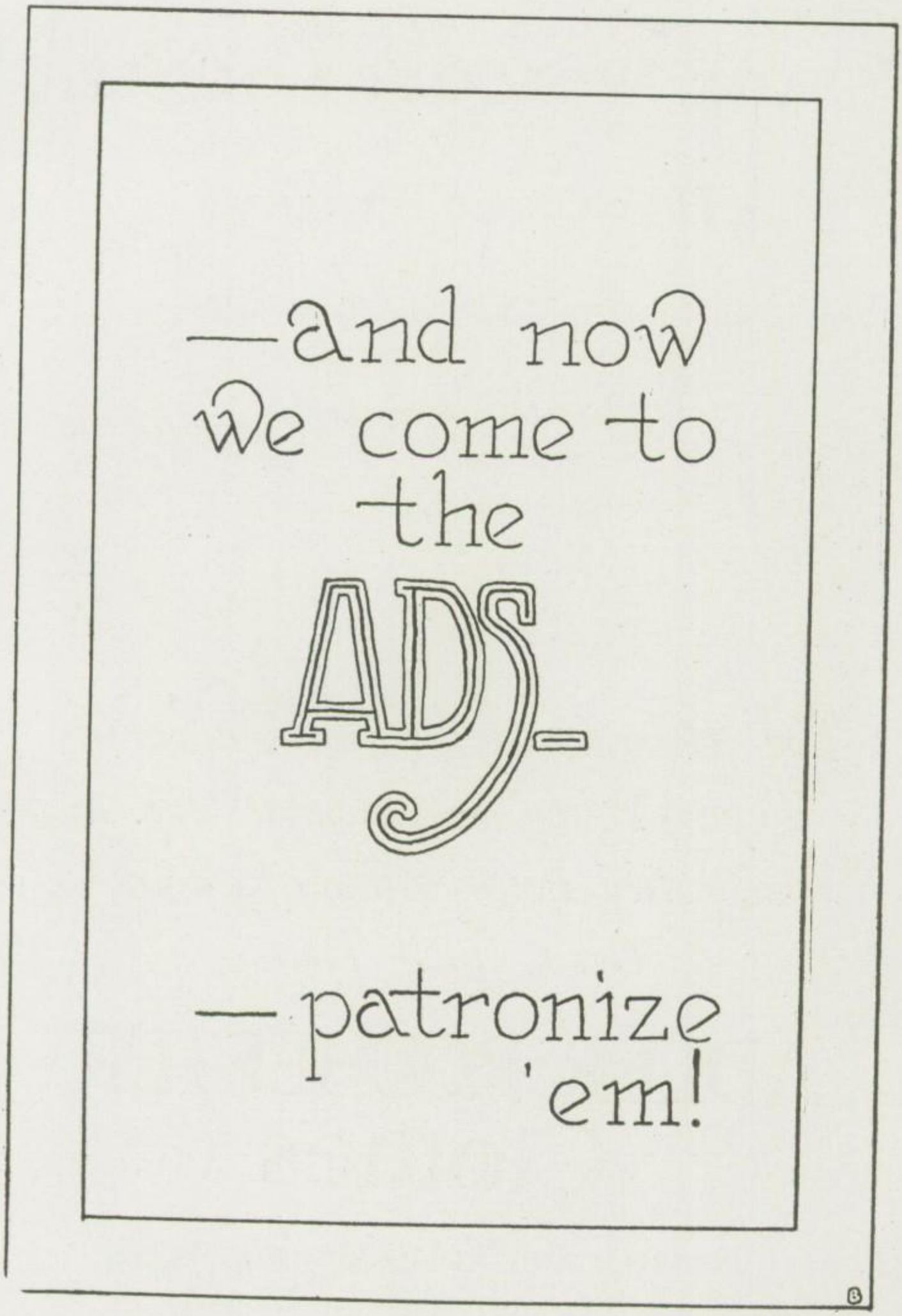
At a choir rehearsal in early May,
A screech, a bellow, almost a bay,
Came from the corner where Noble reposed;
With a harsh reproof he left, we suppose.

16

A column of clergymen, prayer-books in hand,
Marched into dinner, a swarming band;
They beamed complacently in their plight,
'Twas only the Fourth Class on white flannel night.

17

There are many more things we'd like to say,
But the ANNUAL goes to press today.


—and now
we come to
the
ADS—
—patronize
'em!

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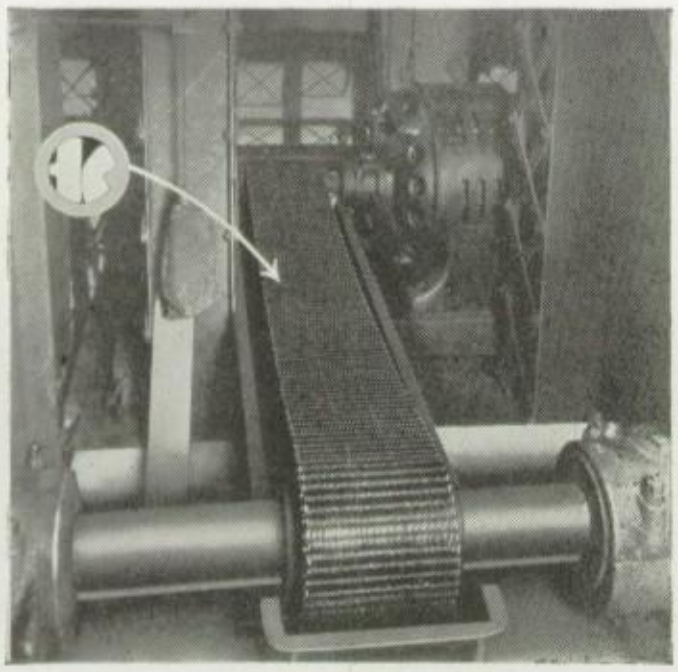

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